

**GAMEFINDER AND DEADLINE:**

See inside back cover.

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**PHOTOS:**

**COVER:** Santa Catalina Island; land of mystery, adventure and pigs....

**CENTRE (in no special order):**

1. Two Harbors (east part) taken from our campsite.
2. The Great Two Harbors Tree Swing (with Ross screaming, "Help!"); west harbor in the distance.
3. The curious rock in the middle of the Harbor; surrounded by guano deposits, an unnatural-looking rectangle of plant life, one of only two stands of this species on earth.
4. At a safe distance, a small herd of the famous Catalina Bison. Every few years the herd is thinned to about 500; those whose "services are not retained" are sold at the Catalina Airport as 'buffalo-burgers.'

And now, a word from one of our sponsors:

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jean".

THIS ISSUE IS ORDINARY. NEXT ISSUE WILL BE SPECIAL. BOTH ISSUES ARE

# O S T A G U A N A

Vol. 11, No. 11

7th September 1987

Great Balls of Fire! Good Golly Miss Molly! Careful With That Ax, Eugene!

(The preceding advts. have been wholly irrelevant, but I've recently been reminded of songs of similar titles....)

"Be not drunk, but be filled with the Spirit." (The Bible - sorry, don't know the specific reference, I saw this on a tee-shirt in passing....)

"W.A.A.C.P. stands for Niggers, Apes, Alligators, Coons and Possums." (Ross Barnett, former Governor of Mississippi.)

"I am going to vanish from here quietly. I go where something louder than my grief, and yet something with a voice very like it, calls me." (Joseph Conrad, 'Prince Roman'.)

"And death shall have no dominion." (Dylan Thomas)

Little did you know! This is COSTAGUANA, a journal of postal gaming and alexipharmic aerostatics (references available on request) published by Conrad von Metske, 4374 Donald Ave., San Diego, CA 92117-3813, USA. Telephone (and for next deadline, go right ahead, I'm back off nights): (619) 276-2937, between 7 and 11 p.m. Pacific time. No work 'phone currently available.

Trades: Maybe, please ask. Subs: What it costs me, it costs you; normally that's about \$1.30 - \$1.50 U.S. per copy; last issue ran \$1.41. Foreign air mail roughly double that. Send all subscription money to Doug Brown, P.O. Box 584, Penngrove, CA 94951-0584, USA. In Canada, send to Mark Weidmark, 12 East Avenue, Brockville, Ontario K6V 2M7. Outside North America, write for details.

## GAME OPENINGS:

"Railway Rivals" - Unlimited openings; \$2 fee plus sub; any map.

"Diplomacy" (regular) - One game - No fee, sub required.

"Rails Through the Rockies" - cancelled until I can figure out how to make a viable postal game out of this mess....and from the comments I've been getting, this may take some work.

THE SECRET OF FILLING AWKWARD PAGES: Double-space!!

II

WITH REFERENCE to the Iran-Contra Hearings, THE NEW YORKER magazine waxed incensed on the assault to "an object" of great importance to this nation, and concluded with the following wonderful line: "The object is the body of our Constitution; when we find it with a hundred stab wounds, there's no point in looking for a smoking gun."

Indeed....

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TOM ENGELHARDT offers the following computer truism:

Q: How many programmers does it take to replace a light bulb?

A: It can't be done; that's a hardware problem.

|||||

I GUESS IT'S NO SECRET by now that Dick Martin (publieher of HOUSE OF LORDS and RETALIATION) is not a particularly close friend of Bruce Linsey (Custodian of the "Runestone Poll" and publisher of TRAX), which of course is entirely his business, though I must admit I wonder at the motivation behind Dick's efforts to perpetuate the so-called Great Hobby Feud, which so many people have spent so much time trying to put behind us....in fact, of all the active publishers, Dick is really the only 'feuder' still going strong.

Dick has also made it eminently clear that he has little use for the Poll that Bruce runs. Again, no problem; I happen to think the Poll is a lot of fun, and I admire the massive effort of love that Bruce puts into it, but I can quite easily accept that some don't agree with me.

But disagreement, dislike, disinterest - why on earth is it important for these normal states to give way to viciousness, vituperation and vitriol? In noting Dick's recent activities vis-a-vis Bruce and the Poll, I can come to just one conclusion: Somehow, this past summer, Dick accidentally dived off the high board into an empty pool.

On the one hand we have Dick's efforts to skew the Poll results by asking his subscribers - offering them free issues, even - to vote RETALIATION a zero. The point may seem insignificant, but it has the unfortunate effect of harming the Poll by skewing the result. Considering the amount of effort that goes into that event - not only by Bruce, but by Nelson Heintzman, Linda Courtemanche, and several others - that's really kind of mean. If one has no use for the Poll, fine; why not simply ignore it? If one wishes, even, to print a statement of disinterest, or even dislike ("I have no use for the Runestone Poll because...."), well and good. But why on earth try to muck it up for others who do enjoy it? The only possible result is acrimony and hurt feelings, without actually accomplishing anything concrete. So why on earth get nasty?

Some of Dick's reasoning may be represented by the following statement he printed, in which he describes Bruce Linsey as a "self-serving, childish, ego-maniacal, gloating, bizarre, vindictive person who must hurt anyone he can't control by force or flattery." Aha! Now I understand! Dick doesn't like Bruce, so Dick is going to throw rocks at anything Bruce is involved with. That's a level I can deal with; I'm quite used to it. My son Eric used to act the same way all the time - though, now that he's five, he's largely outgrown it.

Dick - why don't you come stay with us for a few days? Maybe Eric can help you outgrow it too....

### III

COSTA's next Railway Rivals game start will be a little different - Middle Earth, for five players. Thren signed, two to go - why not have some real fantasy fun? You too can have a train chugging from Rivendell to Minas Morgul...first you buy the basic game (I'll sell it to you for \$15 postpaid (and my supplier has finally gotten another dozen sets in, so Michael Kellar can finally get his), then you sign up for \$2.50 including map.

I mean...it's nither that or (snore....) Diplomacy!

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IT IS WITH EXTREME REGRET that I must announce the temporary (I hope!) departure from the hobby of one of the most prolific and pleasant people around, Bob O'Donnall. Lingerin' personal difficulties have finally overwhelmed him, and in order to concentrate on them, he has found it best to take a leave of absence. Under the same circumstances, I'd do the same, and I am very much impressed with Bob's candor and initiative in dealing with the situation openly.

Bob expresses a strong interest in returning to the hobby just as soon as he can, and I endorse this sentiment completely. I hope he can come back very quickly. In any event, I for one will be holding his place against his much-hoped-for resurgence.

In the meanwhile, Bob: I and many others will miss you. Our very best wishes go with you, and also our offer of any support we can possibly provide.

**Okay, Bob - we're waiting. Go fix things, and GET BACK HERE!!!**

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**THE FOLLOWING IS NOT INTENDED AS A HARBINGER OF DOOM**

It's just that life has its ups and downs, and in the event that your kindly editor ever has a big 'down,' here are your recourses:

1. Write to Rod Walker, 1273 Crest Dr., Encinitas, CA 92024. He deals with orphan games.
2. Write also to Doug Brown, P.O. Box 584, Penngrove, CA 94951. He has my mailing list and nub credit data.
3. Finally, write to Mark Weidmark, 12 East Avenue, Brockville, Ontario, Canada K6V 2W7. He has the latent, most complete mailing list (on floppy disk) that exists outside this house.

I assure you, I'm not planning anything strange. It's just that, with guns all over our freeways of late, and sundry other life-events, it seems appropriate to make some public provision, and to let you know about it. I have just done so.

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**ATTENTION!! ACHTUNG!! ¡¡ATENCIÓN!!**

Those few of you still addressing mail to my P.O. Box, PLEASE STOP!  
The box is now closed! Mail will be forwarded for a while, but it  
takes several days. So PLEASE!!!!???

THE MAILBOX COMPRESSETH

Robert Greier, Jr.: "I see now why we would take different sides in a law enforcement debate. Salem, OH (pop. 14,000) has its own police force. We have six patrol cars and one plain police car. We also have the township cops (Salem), township cops (Perry), sheriff and Highway Patrol. We are actually cop-heavy; seldom will one pass through Salem without seeing a law enforcement official. Normally, one will see them at the Mister Donut, Burger Chef, or some other terribly important place.

"I was brought up to respect the police (my dad was an Air Force cop), but I expect something in return!

"On Friday nights the younger generation lines our main drag, and does just that - drag! Also, they drink, get stoned, and do other highly illegal things while the ever-present Salem police are absent. So our 'at odds' on this one is understandable."

((Well, not entirely. We don't have Mister Donut, but we do have an equivalent: Winchell's. And a standard joke in this area is, 'Need a cop? Dial 911. Wait ten minutes, then call Winchell's.'))

((However, it really sounds as if the 'at odds' bit is plainly a difference in our respective police forces. We have three forces in the area: City police, County sheriff, and Highway Patrol. Each city in San Diego County has its own police; the Sheriff is responsible for all other territory, and also runs the jail. The Highway Patrol, while technically given jurisdiction everywhere, as a practical matter deals only with freeways and highways.

((In general, the common opinion is that the Highway Patrol is the best of the three. It is badly undermanned, and is currently reeling from the alleged activities of one possible 'rogue' officer who used his patrol best to pull women over into lonely areas; nothing is stated to have happened in most cases, just long and rather eccentric conversations wholly unrelated to law enforcement - until Dec. 27, 1986, when the officer is accused of having stopped a pretty 20-year-old and, for whatever reason, murdering her and throwing her body off the top of a little-used side road bridge. Still, even if he's convicted, the general view is that this is an isolated 'crazy,' not an indication of trouble in the Patrol as a whole. The city police have had their scandals, mainly (of late) concerning racism in the ghetto and the Chief 'fixing' his friends' tickets, but in most other respects they are pretty good. The Sheriff is the weak link, but again it doesn't seem to extend to the patrol function; in his case, it's his administration of the jail that's in question. No, in general, this city has rather good law enforcement, considering its size (1.1 million people in the city, 2.5 million in the county - San Diego City is now the eighth largest in the nation). Still, the Winchell's joke persists; probably because, when on legitimate break or not otherwise on specific call, the officers do tend to congregat there. In fact, one reason suspicion focused on the officer accused of murdering the young woman (above) was that, on that night, he failed to rendezvous with other officers in his unit at the local Winchell's!))

((Anyway. San Diego, too, has its drag spots and other corners of vice. But, up to this point at least, they have not been allowed to get ridiculously out of hand. On the other side of the coin, the police have come to realize that dragsters, drunksters, stoneaters (ain't those neat new terms?) are going to go somewhere; you can roust a particular area, but the roustees will just wind up somewhere else. So, rather than force a mere shifting of territory, the officers have adopted a policy of monitoring for gross behavior but otherwise letting well

((Wall, actually...another possibility in that Mister Donut products taste better than Winchell's.))

"P.S. Is scarlat and grey one of your favorite color combos? Do you always feel like a traitor on New Year's Day? Think about it...."

(Hub7)

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BABYSITTER (over shoulder): "Okay, kid; spit it out!"

# THE MELINDA HOLLEY COLUMN

I suppose funerals aren't really a nice topic to discuss, but they're on my mind. Within the last two weeks, I've attended two funerals - one on my mother's side of the family, and one on my father's. Radically different styles! The Chaneys are mostly firm Southern Baptists. When you go to pay your respects to the deceased, you sit quietly and stare at the deceased in the coffin. You speak in hushed whispers and keep a pious look on your face. The Holleys are different; it's a large clan, and funerals are about the only time everybody gets together. It's also the only time truces are declared. But people circulate, talk loudly, laugh, and in most cases have a fairly enjoyable time (considering the circumstances). On the whole, I'd rather attend a Holley funeral than a Chaney one. But I usually get in trouble at Holley funerals; you see, I have a hard time not laughing at the most inopportune moments....

The first one I attended as an adult was my Aunt Erma's. She was my dad's oldest sister. She had diabetes, and would binge on a somewhat regular basis. Finally, she binged once too often. The funeral was to be held at the Adda Baptist Church. Picture the church on "Little House on the Prairie;" you've got Adda Baptist. Since Aunt Erma and Uncle Charlie had fourteen children, and each of the eleven who survived had 7-10 each, the immediate family alone practically packed the place. It was S.R.O., three people deep. It was also hot, humid and sweltering. Naturally, the church had no air conditioning! The minister was a relative (Note: This should always be avoided if possible), and went on for 2-1/2 hours. At one point he asked everyone to pray aloud for the soul of the dearly departed; naturally, it sounded like the Tower of Babel. I overheard one cousin's prayer: "Oh Lord, please make him shut up so I can go home and eat!" Since this echoed my sentiments, I started chuckling - only to be silenced by my mother. I couldn't figure out why I was in trouble, since she was sitting there mumbling the same thing. For the rest of the service, I had trouble NOT laughing.

The next funeral was my Aunt Vee's. Aunt Vee was also an older sister of dad's. She was a self-proclaimed witch. Since I truly believe in magic and witchcraft - and since several things had happened concerning Aunt Vee which only served to enhance her reputation as a witch - I usually gave the old lady a wide berth. For some reason, she had buried her husband five years earlier across the river in Ohio, and that's where she would be buried. That suited me fine, since witches have severe trouble crossing water, and I figured West Virginia had suffered enough...it was Ohio's turn now. Because Aunt Vee was a mean woman, she wasn't well-liked. Most of the family came to make sure she was dead. This sounds a bit harsh, but then most of the family had either been at the receiving end of some of Aunt Vee's carryings-on, or had been afraid of her. However, she was my father's sister, and he was pretty broke up about her death. At the funeral, I sat between my sister Betty and my cousin Ernest. My cousin Carl sat behind me. After the funeral, I told myself I'd not let that happen again! The first thing that rocked me was, I didn't recognize the woman in the coffin! This woman was clean! Since witches have an aversion to water, I'd always assumed that included bathing, since Aunt Vee was not only mean, but dirty as well. Obviously, the minister hadn't known Aunt Vee very well, because he was talking about what a good, decent life she'd led. I still thought there had been a mistake, and the



## VII

wrong body was at the wroeg funeral. I could imagies the other fuceral, and people there sayieg, "She just doees't look like herealf." That started me gigglieg. Then the mieister said, "Finally, the Good Lord lookad dove and said, 'All right, LaVasta, that's enough!'" Like a flash, I thought, "Why dide't He say that six years ago; thee Uecla Al would have been alive today!" That started me laughing, and I smothered it. Naturally, I got choked and turned red. My eister was repeatedly diggieg her elbow into my ribs (SHE could keep a straight fece through ANYthing), Carl was leaeieg forward and patting my back, and Ernest was putting his arm around my shoulder and pattieg me comfortiegly. Ereeet murmured to people around him that I was 'sure taking this hard.' My mothar (eitting ie front with dad) tured aroued and gave me that look. I knew I wee in trouble eew.

Then there was Unola Rusea' funaral. He was Dad's older brother. Uncle Rusea was the laziest human God ever placed upon this earth. Whae he retired (from what, we werae't sure), he went to bed...literally. He would get up for meals and thee go back to bed. Evaetually, he could not get up because the musclee had atrophiad. When we (my mothar, my sister Betty, and I) went to the fuceral, I was given stern inatructions to behave myself. Cousins Carl and Ereeet weeted me to ait with them, but I rafused, and told them why. They had the nerve to look ineocent. My mothar thought she could coetrol the situation by putting me beside her; unfortunetaly, that put Betty on my other side. Again, this miinster didn't know Uncle Rusea very wall, because he started talking about how 'Brothar Russell' had worked all his life to provide for his family. That was pura rot, and avarybody eitting there keew it. I gurgled a few times, het falt I was doieg well. Then the mieister said, 'Now Brother Ruseaall has goen to Hemvae to build a house for his family as he built oes here os Earth.' Quick as a flash, I thought, 'I hope God would see to it he'd build a better oes than the firetrap thay lived in hara!' And with that, I lost it; I turned rad and choked. Batty dug her elbow into my ribs, and Mom was hiseing for me to shut up. People wera starting to look. Cousiee Carl and Ernest wera grieieg at me. I couldn't breathe, becauna if I did, I'd laugh out loud. Ficaily, I got up and laft - quickly. I weet outaide and laughed so hard, I had taars running down my cheeks.

Last week, I attendad a cousin's funeral. I eat with dad's only surviving niater, my Auet Partheesia. I'll eever do that agaiel She had me laughing BEFORE the mervical It seems that she and my dad decided to out loose at their etap-mother's fuceral; their etap-mothar, from all accounts, was the typical wicked etap-mother. Aunt Partheesia was eleven when this "wicked" lady married Graedfather Holley, and Parthenia really bore the bruet of the etap-mother's dielike. Whee the latter died, Grandfather made the decision to bury her in the Holley family cemetery, oes plot away from his first wife (dad's mother). Whae he died, he would be buried betweee the two of them. Dad and Aunt Parthenia decided this waen't right. The eight before the fuceral, my father and my Uncle Olin (dad's younger brother) olinbed the hill - in pitch darknees and driving raie - for the sole purpose of filling ie the grave. It waee't until after the funaral (where my Aunt Parthenia performed a one-woman show, complete with eingieg, dancieg and jokes) that everyone climbed the hill (I swear it is at least 80 degrees) and discovered that the grave had been fillad in. Neverthaleee, the grave was ra-dug, and the etap-mother buried as Graedfather Holley wished.

VIII

It's kind of nice to know this sort of deviancy runs in the family. I'd also like to think that my funeral may some day provide someone with such innocent pleasure. I'd much rather have people laughing at my funeral than crying. Why ruin everybody's day?

((My mother has a theory, which she shares with a number of noted psychiatrists (in fact, that's where she got it): The bigger the funeral, and the more expansive the wailing, the greater the 'guilt trip' among the survivors. Whether this theory is valid or not, I leave to you; I don't happen to go as far as my mom does, I can certainly see that some of these massive funeral ceremonies and incredibly costly statues (as at Forest Lawn) come from traditional 'expectation' in the concerned family. Nevertheless, I do agree that one hell of a lot of people are motivated to arrange horrendously garish funerals out of notions of guilt, be those notions real or imagined. When my dad died in 1972, there was no service, no ceremony, no nothing; my mom had (pre-)selected the cheapest and simplest possible thing, and we stuck with that. Her view was then, and is today (and no is mine), that funerals are a mere compliance with the laws of the land. As far as I am concerned, when I die, my survivors are perfectly welcome to put my corpse in the trash can and have it picked up on Friday as usual. Now, in reality this won't work, partly because of the laws and partly because I weigh nearly 200 pounds, and the limit for a trash can is 70 pounds, and I am not about to ask Jean or Ronn or whoever to chop me up into three equal chunks....

((Still, it seems to me that - if nothing else, for economic reasons - a 'generic' funeral is more than nennible. If it appeals to you, go to church; have a minister deliver an appropriate eulogy; wail and shriek if you feel inclined. But what is important is the memory of the departed, the recollection of the person in life, and - if one is religious - the soul and its 'statue' with God. The physical corpse is nothing more than human hamburger. I don't mean to be so grotesque, but this kind of expression is precisely how I feel. Dead bodies are just that: Dead bodies. Treat the memory, or the theological matter, as you will; but don't sweat the atomic remnants.

((Many years ago, I wrote a (very bad) poem, of which, fortunately, I no longer have a copy. The essence of it was, however, an attempt to clarify the difference between the entity of the 'body' and the essence of the 'spirit' or 'soul.' And the "tag-line" had to do with the fact that, physically speaking, the greatest possible human aspiration was to be reincarnated as a bright gold flower. As I recall, I equated the aspirations of youth ("to be a doctor or lawyer") and the aspirations of adulthood ("to be a good parent") with the appropriate aspirations of old age ("to become a good manturtna") - courtesy of the property that all organic matter has to become, if properly treated, excellent topsoil.

((Apropos of Melinda's absolutely magnificent 'story,' I might ask all readers if they happen to remember that award-winning episode of the old "Mary Tyler Moore Show" concerning the death and funeral of Chuckles the Clown, who had been killed during a parade ("He drowned up as Peter Peanut, and an elephant snuffed him to death"). No matter how hard I try, I cannot imagine a more telling summary of the way I feel about those who are deceased. As Melinda says, I truly hope that when I die, Jean and Ronn and Eric and anybody else surviving will focus on my sense of humor, my intellect, whatever....but for God's sake, DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE BODY!!!)

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DEPARTMENT OF ANNOYANCE

Yes, I know I'm a nice guy - too nice, as some have said - but I do have limits.

The following was printed in the latest PRAXIS, and is the work of one Chris Carrier. I am printing only relevant (but NOT out-of-context) portions:

((Concerning his votes in the Runestone Poll:)) "COSTAGUANA: O. I find it amazing that this turkey won both the 1986 and 1987 polls. It is filled with the sort of self-righteous sanctimony that one finds in born-again Christians and Alcoholics Anonymous members, which is not in the least surprising. The editor expresses his opinions often, which I have nothing against per se, but I find that (unlike the editor of PRAXIS) that ((sic)) there is no lively debate in the lettercol, which there is in the high-quality 'zines (PRAXIS, EUROPA EXPRESS, VOICE OF DOOM, etc...) where the editor voices opinions. Instead we have internal discussion by practitioners of the sort of bleeding-heart Christianity that destroys faith more thoroughly than most militant atheism."

((Well, sir, you've neither been reading issues nor proof-reading your own replies, which by the way I note you've not bothered to send to me....

((I am truly, even abjectly sorry, that I suffered your indulgence in the matter of A.A. membership. Okay, maybe I'm a tad sanctimonious. I am merely trying to convey to my readers - most of whom I happen to consider friends - that I am undergoing a struggle, and I really do want them to know about it. You don't? No problem. I have at least a trillion other friends, who needs you?

((As to the matter of "bleeding-heart Christianity," your opinion is again your privilege. I suggest only this: If this discussion offends you, why don't you bother kicking in your views? Or is it too much trouble, considering all your expressed preconceptions?

((Well, this is silly. Your sub has one more issue to run. After that, those of us who want to enjoy our version of this hobby will be rid of you. (God forbid, you aren't actually planning to renew!))

Hey, look - I'm really sorry for that outburst. It's just that I am getting royally fed up with people who subscribe for a brief period, and then assign themselves the privilege of judge and jury on COSTA. Take this Mr. Carrier as an example (thank God, there aren't many): He sends off a sub, makes no comment whatsoever on either content or format for the duration of that sub, and then suddenly announces - to a third party - that in his opinion the product sucks.

Okay, so you made a mistake in sending me money. Big deal! That's the world of mail order. That is precisely why I go around saying you ought to send a minimum-duration sub as a trial, or request a sample before you jump in....

Oh well. I guess we've both learned, eh?

Alan Stewart is quite correct: I'm too nice. "Too nice a guy," as he puts it. "Every new 'zine...is the greatest....(y)ou can't get him to argue with you in the letter column."

Okay, I stand corrected. Please note my prior comments re: Messrs. Martin and Carrier. And when we get to the letter column, you just wait.

Okay, now I've blown off my little steam. Now let's (as Mark Berch would say) "get real."

When Alan talks about "arguing" in the letter column, he does not, of course, mean ripping them to pieces personally, as I just did with the Carrier person. I suggest that, while the charge may have a hint of merit, it is patently false when laid down as a generality. Just consider the issue of drugs. Somehow I don't consider my replies to Mark Berch to evidence 'agreement.' I do recall one discussion we had here where I was very much guilty of the accusation; that concerned pornography, where I was very consciously treading very delicately and (unnecessarily, I now see) trying to placate both sides. One small point utterly escaped me: Neither side needed placating. However, I do not think that can be held up as typical any more than the Berch thing about drugs can.

One of the problems, I suppose, is that very few letters that I receive for print are all that controversial. This is both a function of the letter-writers, and of the Editor not editorializing about controversial things like religion and politics and sex and the fact that if Ronald Reagan doesn't stop baby-sitting the Kuwaitis, he's gonna get us all blown to bits. Now, I have no problem writing full-blown, shoot-'em-up editorials, but lately I've mellowed a bit, I guess. I have a heck of a lot more fun these days writing about trains and camping trips than I do digging into Robert Bork and other toxic waste. I'm quite sure it'll come full circle, and as our election closes in on us you'll see the old opinionated leftist in there awaking again. Don't give up hope, I ain't brain-dead yet....

One quick comment concerning your line about "Every new 'zine...is the greatest...." Yea, I know I have that tendency. I do not think I have ever knowingly been dishonest in my comments, nor of course did you suggest that I had been. But I do try to, as it were, "rouse the troops" a little bit with new publications, on the grounds that every new editor deserves a shot at working with his/her publication for a while - which is really tough without subscribers - and developing a personal style. Once that happens, then if the result is rubbish, you won't see any more reviews around here. I don't review the junk; only if I consider some publisher an outright fraud will I warn the world off. (Don't read too much into that; frankly, I don't often review established 'zines at all, except the handful of my great favorites.)

This policy may have the flaw of failing to mention early start-up negatives, which every journal will have as a function of beginner's awkwardness. So what? A perfect journal hasn't yet been published; until one is, then so-called 'flaws' are just shades of grey. And I'm about to the point where I think the best system is, let the new guys have a friendly fanfare, and beyond that, let the editors themselves (via the 'Zine Register) and the hobby as a whole (through the Raneatone Poll) serve as guidance. One thing I do need to do, however, is plug the 'Zine Register more often....

But for now...well, Alan, I'd love to argue some more, but I have to be going. It's time once again to pacify all sides of all issues....

Until later...or maybe sooner...well, whatever you prefer.

**Paul Kenny:** "On Robert Sacks setting up an alternative hobby institution, which a lot of people in this hobby seem upset over...his actions could have a good side. He has contact to a lot of people that mainstream Dipdom seems to overlook. So his alternative offices and officers touch newer players of Diplomacy (and other games) that perhaps may not have been reached through normal hobby means. Look at my example. I was first turned on to Diplomacy in 1979 by a friend who had a Games Research copy. Our island of friends played on his set until I bought an Avalon-Hill copy. My set didn't have a flyer.

"The first Con I ever went to was Atlanticon 1984. Once I was there I saw some others' 'zines where people played Diplomacy by mail. The point that I'm trying to make is that my initial exposure to PBM Diplomacy and Dipdom was through the Boardman/Sacks show. (True, I also received a copy of TACKY from Lu Henry when he saw an ad in THE GENERAL that a friend of mine had placed.) Remember, I was new to PBM and didn't know about the novice projects and other hobby organizations that existed.

Another problem was, a lot of publishers want one to play their variante, and I was still getting used to PBM, and here other GMs want you to play in games where you have no idea what the maps look like.

But back to my original points. If Sacks starts an alternative hobby, let him. He may recruit additional blood to the hobby. The communication is bound to overlap, and players can graduate to the bigger league. It's like the National League and American League in baseball. Everyone knows that the National League has the real baseball players in it, and the American League is, after all, the junior circuit.

((In some areas, "alternative hobbing," as you put it, is fine. Thus we currently have two "novice projects" which at times overlap but at other times reach out in different directions. In general, that's good. Ditto the several formal or informal efforts at listing game openings, one of which is done by Sacks.

((But I draw the line at "alternatives" which accomplish little more than creating dissent or confusion. There is no earthly reason, for example, to have two entirely different sets of Miller Numbers; the only result, besides acrimony, is to create statistical and library chaos. This is particularly true in the current dual-Miller situation, where Fred is using the established cataloguing system and Julie is using an obsolete one. What happens now is, in order to keep records of variant games, or file copies of the maps/rules in the Variant Bank, it's necessary to get involved in a lot of cross-referencing from one system to another. Reminds me of the period in which the local University library converted from Dewey Decimal to Library of Congress - for quite some time, some sections went one way, some sections went another, and still other sections were mixed or (briefly) even dual! This one, at least, had a good reason behind it. The Miller bit doesn't. It has nothing to do with recruiting; Sacks could certainly continue to do that and channel the newcomers to the established institutions that do not admit of more than one practitioner at a time.

((Now as to a true 'alternative hobby,' of the kind that sets itself utterly apart from the other, you're certainly right that there'd be the inevitable overlap, and that many people would "switch leagues" at some point, or maybe stay in both. And if that's what Sacks wants, fine. I have no problem. But I don't think that's what he does want, or else he would do it and stop involving himself in the existing hobby.

((In fact, there is - or was, I haven't had touch for years - a sort of alternative hobby in the form of Charles Reinsel and his circle (quite small) of PBmers. Although...Charlie was kind of odd, so maybe we're really dealing with an alternative species....))

RAILWAY RIVALS (Hmph - not with this ribbon!)

That's a bit better - now, a few comments pertaining to all games, then we'll get to specifics.

ONE. As to the matter of setting runs, I have somehow found this entire concept quite difficult to understand, but at last (on his second try) David broke through the barrier. Here were the criteria:

A. Each key number (every town has a key number; some towns have more than one) will be used once during Rounds 7-9 and once more during 10-12.

B. Each sector (the first digit of a key number, thus there are six sectors) will appear twice, and only twice, in each run round.

David (and most other GMEs) have one other provision, but I've elected not to use it. They state that no town will appear more than once in any given round. In my view, this is not a useful provision. If a town has two or three key numbers, it is going to come up twice or thrice in Rounds 7-9 and similarly in 10-12. What difference does it make if both (or two of three - it cannot be three of three, under 'B' above) fall in the same round? So I'll allow this provision to go by the wayside, and let the die determine things.

TWO. With this issue, all players involved in a Rivals game will receive my new house rules. They are based on David's, only using my wording, and eliminating the economic variant and all references to fines, etc. If you have any problem with anything, please ask.

THREE. Please note that, in ordering builds during run rounds, you may not exceed the total stated by the GM. Further, that total will include all track costs PLUS all payments required to rivals (for junctions or parallels) for track built in a PREVIOUS round. (No such limit applies to payments caused in the SAME round.) This provision has caused the foreshortening of a couple of build orders this time; before you protest, please note that this information is in David's original house rules.

FOUR. COSTAGUANA now has four Rivals games going: "Crescendo" (Map B), "Pimmallions" (Map C), "L'Hotellerie Portugaise" (Map X) and "All Baba" (Yorkshire). The last-named is a speed game with ten-day deadlines, so reports will appear in the issue in batches.

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GAME US 487C ("Pimmallions") - Round 7

In this one the runs - both original and revised - are badly fouled. I am not, however, going to change things yet again. This round will be snarled, and so will Round 8 in a reasonable effort to reverse the situation. That will leave Round 9 close to okay, and of course 10-12 can be done correctly all the way.

(In CRESCENDO, the Round 7 skew was quite minor; an equivalent small skew in Round 8 will bring us even.)

As an interesting aside, though I suspect this is fairly typical: In each and every race in both games, the player with the shortest route won.

In reporting race results, I am not going to bore you - nor waste hours of typing - by grinding out a blow-by-blow report listing all die throws, etc., etc. I will simply list: The entrants; the length of their proposed routes; their

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terminus points (in cases of runs that have more than one option, e.g. "Chicago to Mexico"); end the winners. And then of course there'll be an accounting of earnings, payouts, etc. Then builds. Then final revenues. Then sets for the next round. And by then I'll need another new ribbon....

RACE 1 - New Orleans to Chicago. ACHTUNG (route 20 hexes) wins; HOBOKEN (route 20 hexes) 2d. No payments to rivals.  
 RACE 2 - Los Angeles to St.Louis. DOCTOR (43) win; HOG WILD (49) 2d; ACHTUNG (60). Payments: ACHTUNG, 3 to DOCTOR; HOG WILD, 3 to DGW, 2 to DOCTOR.  
 RACE 3 - Minneapolis to Portland. HOBOKEN (37) win; DGW (42) 2d. Payments: DGW, 2 to HOBOKEN.  
 RACE 4 - Fargo to Chicago. HOBOKEN (14) win; DOCTOR (15) 2d. No payments.  
 RACE 5 - Billings to St.Louis. HOBOKEN (33) win; DOCTOR (38) 2d. Payments: DOCTOR, 4 to HOBOKEN.  
 RACE 6 (SPECIAL) - Chicago to Mexico. HOG WILD (to E19) (43) win; DOCTOR (to F7) (47) 2d; ACHTUNG (to F7) (69). Payments: ACHTUNG, 3 to DOCTOR, 3 to HOG WILD. HOG WILD, 6 to ACHTUNG, 5 to DOCTOR. DOCTOR, 3 to HOBOKEN.  
 RACE 7 (SPECIAL) - Los Angeles to Canada. HOG WILD win (only entrant). Payments: HOG WILD, 4 to HOBOKEN.

I'm really thoroughly impressed. Every one of you plotted and totalled the routes with absolute precision. Paul had a confusion about one point, but sent conditional totals to compensate. There was, however, one exception to all this; as usual in these early games, I fiddled the orders, but - David, you entered a race from Minneapolis to Portland and wrote your orders as from Milwaukee! (I wouldn't normally have revealed this so blatantly, but he has been teasing me unmercifully about my thick-headedness in learning to do runs....)

Now the builds, then we'll do the accounts:

HOG WILD: (F16) - I18 - I29. Cost 15 (14 +1 to ACHTUNG, I23).  
 DGW: (V34) - St.Louis; (U31) - Kansas City; (V34) - Z32. Cost 18 (16 +2 to DOCTOR, W34 and Z32).  
 DOCTOR: None.  
 ACHTUNG: (B29) - San Antonio - A27 - A25. Cost 7.  
 HOBOKEN: (G59) - I21 - T19 - Denver; (P36) - P35 - N34 - N33 - L32. Cost 18 (16 +1 to DOCTOR, U20)+1 to DGW, L32).

REVENUE: (Note I mis-added HOG WILD last time, should be 63 instead of 61.)

ACHTUNG: 35 (+20, Race 1) (-3, Race 2) (-6 +6, Race 6) (-7 builds) = 45.  
 HOBOKEN: 77 (+10, Race 1) (+20 +2, Race 3) (+20, Race 4) (+20 +4, Race 5) (+3, Race 6) (+4, Race 7) (-18 builds) = 142.  
 HOG WILD: 63 (+10 -5, Race 2) (+20 +3 -11, Race 6) (+20 -4, Race 7) (-15 builds) = 81.  
 DENVER: 46 (+3, Race 2) (+10 -2, Race 3) (-18 builds) = 39.  
 DOCTOR: 25 (+20 +2, Race 2) (+10, Race 4) (+10 -4, Race 5) (+10 +8 -3, Race 6) = 78.

Well, golly gee whiz. I seem to have left a bit much space for this revenue breakdown; I honestly thought it would consume more space. So I guess, before we get to new runs on the next page, I'll have to fill up the bottom of this page with something exciting and meaningful....

How about "turn to next page...."

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AND AS FOR ROUND 8 RUNS:

1. Butte to San Francisco
2. Santa Fe to Minneapolis
3. San Antonio to Omaha
4. Dallas to Seattle
5. San Francisco to Oklahoma City
6. (Special 4) Memphis to any Eastern port
7. (Special 6) Denver to Eastern U.S.

BUILDS IN ROUND  
8 up to 16.

Which will make next round almost correct....

## GAME US 486B ("Il Crescendo") - Round 7

- RACE 1 - Lincoln to London. PYTHON win (only entrant). Payments: PYTHON, 6 to HO HO, 1 to PISTOL.
- RACE 2 - Doncaster to Gloucester. DYFED win (only entrant). Payments: DYFED, 9 to PISTOL.
- RACE 3 - Burnley to Newport. PISTOL win (only entrant). Payments: PISTOL, 6 to DEUTSCH.
- RACE 4 - Preston to Cambridge. DEUTSCH (39) win; HO HO HO (37) 2d. Payments: HO HO, 6 to PYTHON, 4 to DYFED, which makes him exactly even - and I guess there was one race where the shorter route lost....
- RACE 5 - Manchester to Peterborough. HO HO HO (24) win; DEUTSCH (25) 2d. Payments: HO HO, 4 to PISTOL; DEUTSCH, 10 to PISTOL - which makes DEUTSCH even as well.
- RACE 6 (special) - Huddersfield to any seaport. DEUTSCH (to Preston) (11) win; PISTOL (to Grimsby) (25) 2d. Payments: PISTOL, 4 to DEUTSCH.
- RACE 7 (special) - Leeds to East Anglia. DEUTSCH (to Cambridge) (28) win; HO HO HO (to N61) (34) 2d. Payments: HO HO HO, 3 to PYTHON.

Next, I guess we'll essay builds:

PYTHON: none.

DEUTSCH: (N66) - N71 - London. Cost 7.

PISTOL: (Leeds) - K1 - I2 - H1 - E3 - D2 - Preston. Cost 13 (11 +1, DYFED I71, +1, PYTHON I66).

HO HO HO: (Doncaster) - Sheffield; (H60) - H64 - I65 - I70. Cost 14 (13 +1, PYTHON I66).

DYFED: (E10) - H8 - Manchester; (M20) - M22; E31) - C30 - Newport; (C69) - Oxford. Cost 14 (13 +1, PISTOL C9).

## REVENUE:

DEUTSCH: 55 (+6 Race 3) (+20 Race 4) (+10 -10 +4 Race 5) (+20 +4 Race 6) (+20 Race 7) (-7 builds) = 122.

HO HO HO: 66 (+6 Race 1) (+10 -10 Race 4) (+20 -4 Race 5) (+10 -3 Race 7) (-14 builds) = 81.

PYTHON: 42 (+20 -7 Race 1) (+6 Race 4) (+3 Race 7) = 64.

DYFED: 56 (+20 -9 Race 2) (+4 Race 4) (-14 builds) = 57.

PISTOL: 31 (+1 Race 1) (+20 -6 Race 3) (+10 Race 5) (+10 -4 Race 6) (-13 builds) = 49.

Pee-tee-oh.



And builds next time will be taken up to TWELVE.

RUNS FOR ROUND 8:

- RACE 1 - London to Manchester
- RACE 2 - York to Stoke
- RACE 3 - Liverpool to Coventry
- RACE 4 - Derby to Bristol
- RACE 5 - Birmingham to Oxford
- RACE 6 - (special 1) Birkenhead to South England
- RACE 7 - (special 5) Sheffield to Wales

Please note the deadline on the title page.

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A COSTAGUANA TRIVIA QUIZ....

...of the usual sort, namely, the kind that nobody will enter, and even if they do they won't have the foggiest notion....

AND WE HAVE PRIZES! Yee indeedy - there are, in fact, three prizes! Winner may choose his/her prize; second place gets choice of the two remaining; third place is stuck with what's left.

- PRIZE ONE: A ten-issue (surface mail) subscription to BEOWULF, Australia's joyous and fascinating new games journal.
- PRIZE TWO: A ten-issue (surface, if outside North America) subscription to BLUNT INSTRUMENTS, America's #2 journal and easily one of the 'great ones' of the current day.
- PRIZE THREE: Ten dollars U.S. worth of canned dog or cat food, your choice of brand, shipped parcel post to your door. Please specify "D" (dog) or "C" (cat). NOTE: Outside the U.S., postal regulations may prohibit shipment of this prize. If so, you may choose a duplicate of Prize One or Two.

Okay...are you ready for the questions? Well, actually, there's only one question per se, but it has ten parts; each part is worth ten points. Highest score wins, of course; in the event of ties, there will be tie-breakers as needed until exactly three winners are selected.

HERE'S THE QUESTION!!!

1. (and only) Listed below are ten names. Each is the name of a character in a novel, novelette, or story by Jozsef Korzeniowski (1857-1924), the Polish-born writer who settled in England in 1893, wrote all his works in his adopted language (English), and is best known to the world as Joseph Conrad - and, incidentally, the man for whom I'm named. Your job is to identify the novel, novelette or story in which each character appears. To assist you, a list of all works involved will be included (in random order, of course); in addition, an eleventh work (not by Conrad) is included as a small control against wild guessing - though, of course, guessing far surpasses non-participation....

## THE CHARACTERS

- A. John Kemp  
B. Powell  
C. Leggett  
D. General d'Hubert  
E. Marlow  
F. Charles Gould  
G. Captain Blunt  
H. Peyrol  
I. Dain  
J. Captain Johns

## THE WRITINGS

- A. Moby-Dick
- B. The Black Mate #
- C. Chance
- D. The Seed and The Sower #
- E. The Duel #
- F. The Rover
- G. Romance +
- H. Heart of Darkness #
- I. Almay's Folly
- J. The Secret Sharer #
- K. The Arrow of Gold

+ ONE SMALL HINT: The work cited with this symbol is one of those that really is by Conrad. In this case, however, it was co-authored by Ford Madox Ford; so, if you plan to research this in the library, you may need to look up Ford to get this one.

# indicates a story or novella, rather than a full novel. (Again, if you're going to work on this at the library, this will lead you to collections that may not be individually referenced by title.)

**ENTRIES ARE DUE BY THE GAMES DEADLINE FOR NEXT ISSUE.**

**IN PURSUIT OF THE U.S. PRESIDENCY**

Until fairly recently, the prime contender for the office of President of the U.S. in 1988 was a former Senator from Colorado, Cary Hart. Rather suddenly, however, the media came out with evidence of a possible extra-marital affair, and in the wake of the devastating publicity, Mr. Hart withdrew from the electoral race.

In the last couple of weeks, however, rumors have been flying about that Gary Hart is going to re-enter the Presidential contest. Most commentators have taken as a 'given' that Hart feels the scandal may have blown by; either that, or the American voters weren't all that scandalized in the first place. However, a few perspicacious writers - including San Diego's finest political critic, Lionel Van Deerlin - have perceived a rather different motive. In case you hadn't heard, that motive is MONEY.

A bit of summary background, especially for foreign readers. In the U.S., it costs an immense amount of money to run for, let alone be elected to, our Presidency. Some years ago, in an attempt to keep these costs to a reasonable level - and to make them equitable - we promulgated the so-called "matching funds law." By this provision, any candidate running for President is entirely on his own (financially) unless and until he can raise \$5,000 in campaign contributions from each of twenty of our fifty States. Once that goal is accomplished - and as from the moment that is accomplished - the candidate is entitled to "matching funds" from the Government. The funds in question are obtained from the annual tax revenue, and the arrangement is that (after meeting the minimum criterion) every candidate will receive one dollar from the Government for each dollar he raises privately. This legal entitlement is vested as from the point that the candidate meets the minimum criterion; the first actual pay-out isn't until the September in the year prior to the election (in the present case, this month).

In the case of Gary Hart, a major problem arose: His entitlement to matching funds was vested some while ago, but he announced his withdrawal from the campaign prior to the first disbursement. On the latter basis, the Federal agency responsible for disbursing the matching funds ruled that Hart was entitled to nothing; never

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mind that he'd met the minimum criterion some while before, and had therefore had his entitlement vested; he was no longer a candidate, said the panel, and funds were thus not going to be released to him.

Now, Hart could challenge this in the courts; the problem is, the challenge would cost immense amounts of money, and take forever. And Gary Hart's problem is that he desperately needs money, and has no time to wait for it. He has a massive unresolved debt from his 1984 Presidential bid, and the creditors are getting increasingly nasty.

So - according to Mr. Van Deerlin and others, Gary Hart has one curious option: He can re-enter the Presidential race. In so doing, he can claim (as an "active" candidate) the matching funds to which he is theoretically already entitled; if he does a bit more campaigning and gets even more contributions, he can get even more matching funds. (Remember, he's already qualified; from here on, every single dollar is matched.) And those funds will stave off a hell of a lot of creditors; the funds to which Hart is already "entitled" would cover over 60% of his debt. Any further "earnings" could very well wipe it out - even though Hart may not be in the least bit serious any more.

On this basis, Gary Hart has the opportunity to make a complete mockery of the campaign financing law that was specifically designed to eliminate making a mockery of campaign financing. Ironical, eh? - especially since Hart co-sponsored the law....

Well, there's nothing like a lucrative loophole....

((Note: Lionel Van Deerlin, the local commentator on whose essays this is based, is by no means an off-the-wall "nut." He knows whereof he speaks. From 1947 to 1962 he was a very respected political broadcast journalist in San Diego; he is probably the only reporter in San Diego history to have had the adjective 'investigative' applied. In 1962, Lionel Van Deerlin - on his third try, and after the periodic reapportionment of districts - was elected to the U.S. Congress, where he served until 1981. Defeated for re-election after nine terms (because, as he has since confessed, "I grew complacent and forgot the grass-roots part"), he has since returned to political reporting, this time in the newspapers as the author of a weekly column of comment; he also writes regularly for three regional magazines.))

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THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF MEXICO WILL NOT BE



CUAUHTÉMOC CÁRDENAS

(Too bad; he's the only one of the seven candidates who has any ideas....)

STILL LIFE, WITH PORK

It could, I suppose, have been worse.

The boat could have been torpedoed by a submarine, killing us all. Or, there might have been a tidal wave, killing us all. Or an earthquake could have split the island, killing us all....

These things COULD have happened. Never mind that they didn't; we were absolutely miserable anyway. Specifically:

1. They lost our tent,
2. Eric fell into the cactus, and
3. The local store charged \$4.15 for six cans of Coke.

But I digress.

Last year, at about this time, COSTAGUANA told you of my adventures with my son Ross on the island of Santa Catalina, twenty miles off the west coast of Southern California. And that article ended with a promise: THIS year, I'd report on the addition of Eric to the party. Following is that report.

PART ONE: They Lost Our Tent!

To go camping on the island of Santa Catalina, one drives to the Port of Los Angeles (at the city of San Pedro), boards a ship, and spends 90 minutes sipping across the Pacific Ocean with the intent of setting up camp and having fun. This year, we did exactly that. And we did indeed have fun. Unfortunately, we were never really able to set up camp.

But again, I digress.

Friday. July 10. The boat leaves San Pedro at 12 noon, and it's a two-hour drive to get there. We play it safe; we leave at 8:30, thus allowing for a stop for breakfast and any other exotic happenings that might come up...but we failed to allow for a complete snarl on the freeway, and for Daddy's propensity for getting lost....

So we drove north. First we stopped for Eric to go potty. Then we stopped for breakfast. Then we stopped for a snack (juice at McDonald's). And suddenly it was 11:00, we had twenty miles to go, and the freeway was in a complete snag! So ol' Daddy took an off-ramp, aimed for a surface-street approach - and suddenly found himself completely lost! Seems the off-ramp went a little askew....

Rose: "Daddy, ask the gas station!"

Daddy: "Be quiet, Rose, I know what I'm doing!"

Eric: "I'm thirsty!"

Daddy: "Be quiet, Eric, I know what I'm doing!"

Rose: "Good for you! So give him something to drink!"

We drove for fifteen minutes; all the while, I reassured the boys that "I know what I'm doing!" In fact, I hadn't the slightest idea...but, I happen to have this instinct, this unfathomable sense of direction, this outrageous luck...and suddenly, there we were, back on the freeway, past the snarl, headed for the boat dock....

We arrived. We loaded the boat. We sailed. We off-loaded the boat. We hiked up to the campsite. We set up camp....

WHOOPS! There's something wrong there. On a tent camp-out, one needs a tent, right? So - WHY AM I SETTING UP CAMP WITHOUT ONE???

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The problem was, I had volunteered to help unload the boat. NEVER AGAIN!

See, it's like this. The boats to Catalina hold 145 passengers, and carry a crew of four. Of the four crew, one is the captain and one is a hostess; that leaves exactly two people to unload all the luggage brought by 145 eager tourists. This being a human impossibility, the two poor souls enlist the aid of any passenger willing to help. This trip, I was willing....

But there's one catch - if you help unload, you're too busy to ensure your own baggage.

To top it all off, the dock where the boat comes in is inevitably chaotic. Anybody going back from the island is already there when the boat comes in, their baggage piled helter-skelter all about the place. And as we unload, we volunteers toss the incoming baggage helter-skelter all about the remaining places. There is no way to avoid a certain intermingling....

Which is fine, IF one is on the dock to claim one's possessions. But if one isn't there to claim, owing to one's generosity is helping unload....

After which digression we return to the campsite, sans tent - the seven others in our group had theirs, and they proceeded to mount them, but somehow there was no bright orange pup tent for Ross and Eric....

We searched. We hiked back down to the dock. We asked at three different offices (each time after a hike back up, and back down again); in fact I went up that hill seven times that afternoon (and down six times). They radioed the mainland. They checked the hold on every incoming boat that day. A couple of us went for abject prayer. But neither God nor the boat company answered; the tent did not appear, and as darkness began to fall, Ross and Eric and I were still out in the open air....

Enter the Park Ranger. Because Catalina Island is part of Los Angeles County, and because this campsite is part of a County Park, there is a ranger on-site. This gent was just about as nice as can be imagined; after we'd hunted everywhere for our missing items, Ross proceeded to climb up to the ranger's trailer and explain our difficulty with his typical big, frightened eye, and suddenly we had a tent! - the ranger offered us the loan of his own. After some more useless searching, we took it. We also took the man's sleeping bag, inasmuch as our tent had been folded inside of mine....

And for the next two nights, I slept inside the possessions of a stranger.

### PART TWO: Eric Attacked By Alien Cactus!

When you get to the photo section of this issue, you will see one of a small harbor full of small boats. Looks to be a fair distance downhill, eh? Well, this is the harbor where we landed, and the photo was snapped from the campsite. In case you care, it is a bit of a downhill climb. It is considerably more of an uphill climb, and it is this climb that I made six times that first afternoon.

Ross and Eric didn't have to suffer the experience. I was hunting for lost baggage, not taking a hike, and so I left them in camp (watched by one of the other parents) while I did my searching. And each time I returned, Ross ran up and asked, "Did you find it?" And Eric ran up and said, "I'm thirsty!"

All except the last time.

As I staggered into camp for the last time that day - having finally decided to accept the ranger's offer of a loan - I was greeted as usual by Ross; but this time, Ross wasn't asking about tents. "Daddy! Come quick!" he bellowed. "Eric's hurt!"

I looked off to the hill where all the children had been playing, and there - not ten feet away, walking abjectly up the trail - was Eric, sobbing and holding his hands out in front of him. "Daddy!" expostulated one terribly worried Rose, "Eric fell in the cactus!"

And sure enough. Eric had indeed fallen, hands-first, into a prickly pear. Nothing critical, but certainly painful; the palms of both hands sported quite an array of cactus spines, most small, but at least half a dozen were huge and firmly embedded....

Okay, so I was exhausted from all those hill climbs. So what? A parent does what a parent must, and so - the surgery was opened for business.

The next half-hour was an extremely painful one, mainly for Eric. And in summarizing it, I must offer a nod of great gratitude to my three assistants, without each of whom this massive medical rescue mission would have been far more wretched:

FRANCES ASHCRAFT, who plopped Eric on her lap and held him during the entire procedure, all the while talking to him and cheering him up;

MARIAN JOHNSTON, who stood by the entire time with a glass of water; after about every third thorn was pulled, she elopped water over the hand, then dashed back across the campsite to refill the glass;

ROSS VON METZKE, the world's best brother, who talked to Eric the entire time - taking turns with Fran and Marian - and, once the first hand was de-thorned, Ross held onto it throughout the surgical procedure on the other hand.

And what was I doing? Haven't you guessed? I was sitting next to Fran, with Marian splattering water all over everywhere and Ross looking dreadfully pained - and I was being the absolute beast. I WAS YANKING THE STICKERS OUT. Quite without mercy, too; I'd look at Eric, mumble something about "Hey, look at that boat down there!" and - YANK. Eric screeched. Fran cuddled. Marian poured. And Ross hugged and held on for dear life....

This procedure went on for a grand total of fifty-seven stickers.

After it was all over, we all hugged and praised Eric for being a GREAT BIG BRAVE BOY. And I thanked Fran and Marian for all their efforts, and we sent Eric off into our tent (well...the ranger's loaner) to relax and recuperate. But we all forgot one thing, and I do hereby make amends:

THANK YOU, ROSS! WE SHOULD ALL HAVE A BROTHER LIKE YOU!!!

(Oh, by the way; fifteen minutes after the close of surgery, Eric was back on the hillside, running through the cactus as if nothing had happened. You will please note how terribly life-threatening this was....

(The next day, some 'later-arriving' campers joined us; among them was a man who is a pediatrician. Just to be safe, I sought his advice. He took a quick look at Eric's hands, looked up at me quizzically, and said, "I'm sorry; what was it you wanted?"

(Three guesses who wasn't badly hurt.)

PART THREE: Drinks For Sale! Triple the Normal Price!

If Day One can be properly called The Great Tent Search and Cactus Adventure, then Day Two will live as The Great Hike and Desperate Thirst Adventure.

After two or three more quick enquiries at the dock after our tent (hey, one ought never to give up!), it was determined that we should all go on a Big Hike. We took votes on possible places; some opted to make an all-day effort out of a climb to the airport (approx. eight miles cross-country, and watch out for the buffalo); another group decided to trek north along the cliffs to the other big

campground, a mere four miles; and Group Three (which we joined) elected the most difficult feat of all - we were going, flat-out across the rugged ridge, all the way across to the west side of the island, a distance of approximately two hundred yards. It took five minutes. Actually, it took twenty, but fifteen of those were spent at the community tree swing (see photo), so it's not like we wound up exhausted....

Once we got to the west end, however, things changed. Ross and another boy noticed a fascinating trail leading south along the western cliffs. Ross also noticed, off across the water, another bit of land, and he asked what it was; I told him it was one of the other six Channel Islands, I thought San Clemente (it turned out to be Santa Barbara). Ross told his friend, the two boys got all excited (Gosh! Another real island! "Daddy, can we go there now?"), their glee caught Eric's fancy, and before we adults realized what was happening, we were marching along this primitive, rocky trail in search of a "better" view of this mysterious new place.

Two hours later, we got a much better view. It was easy; all we had to do was hike four miles up hills, across rocky ledges, down gullies, through cactus, in sight of aggressive buffalo with no escape route, through rock falls, and come out on a promontory just above a place called Little Harbor. There was another option, which we hadn't known about but which was now mentioned loudly by several of us: We could have sat around exactly where we started, waited two hours for the cloud cover to lift, and we'd have had precisely the same view.

But there we were, four miles (two hours) from nowhere, facing the same trail to return, and we suddenly realized three horrible facts:

One, nobody had much of anything to drink;

Two, I and one other father were still wearing street shoes, and our feet hurt;

Three, the photographer among us, Jon Johnston, was out of film!

I shall not recount, in my usual excruciating detail, that return trip. Suffice it to say that I spent my time in pursuit of higher mathematical knowledge. I counted rocks tripped over, to a number higher than I've ever counted before. I counted foot blisters, to exactly the same number. I counted the number of times Eric announced, "I'm thirsty," to a number greater than the sum of the other two. And I counted the joys and blessings of that hike, which was an incredibly simple task....

But, of course, all good things do end. We finally got back - we even had a handful of fine photos of rugged coast, vicious buffalo, and that hazy distant island that caused all this misery. And we strode, triumphantly, into the town of Two Harbors, intent on finally getting something to drink. And there is a water faucet in the center of the town, and Lord knows water is the finest of all thirst-quenchers....

Oops. Did I forget Ross and Eric? Yes, I must have: Ross: "I want a Coke!" Eric: "I want apple juice!" Forget the faucet; off to the general store.

Now we must switch subjects, from thirst and sore feet to basic economics. If I were to leave my house right now, drive to the nearest supermarket, and purchase a six-pack of Coca-Cola cans, I'd pay (at standard rates) \$2.29 plus 6% tax. However, competition among stores and manufacturers being as fierce as it is, the chances of paying full price are nil; someone is always having a sale. Last time I checked, the "special sale price" (which had been in force for months) was \$1.59 plus tax.

But Two Harbors is not exactly a metropolis; competition is limited, and sales are nonexistent. For a six-pack of Coke, one must pay \$4.15. For a small bottle of apple juice, normally 59c here, the fee is \$1.09. And to make things worse, there isn't a single bankruptcy lawyer in the whole town!

PART FOUR: Of Pigs, and Buffalo, and Endangered Plants, and Yet More Pigs

In the 1920s, a film company from Hollywood decided to use Catalina Island as a location for making a Western adventure. To provide appropriate background, the company imported a small herd of American bison (commonly called "buffalo," though they really aren't); when the film was completed, the company left - and left the bison behind to fend for themselves. And fend they did; from the dozen or so that were brought over, the herd grew to about 700! In the process, via grazing, they practically annihilated the native flora of Catalina. But, in fairness, one cannot entirely blame either the buffalo or the movie crew for this devastation; they merely finished a job that had been begun, nearly four hundred years earlier, by the Spanish explorers roaming the coast of California. Those earlier adventurers had perceived the need for a ready food source for the crews of their ships, and had found the Channel Islands absolutely perfect for that source - except for the simple fact that there was no food on them! So the Spanish imported the food, in the form of "starter" herds of domestic pigs and goats; after just a short while, the herds had multiplied to the point that all a captain needed to do was put ashore a hunting party, and - voila! - fresh meat! But of course the herds did their share of damage to the plant life, and when the ravenous bison were added, the result was inevitable...a forest fire couldn't have done it better.

The Spanish weren't complete ecological fools, however. Faced with utter deforestation, they thought to import a mainland strain of oat-like grass, which grew rapidly and provided perfect fodder for the food source. It eventually proved quite tasty to the bison, too. But this grass has one property that appalls environmentalists: It chokes out practically everything else growing in the vicinity.

The result was that by about 1940, the native groundcover of Santa Catalina was extinct, replaced by the Spanish grass.

How do we know this? Two reasons: One, the Spanish - later, the Mexican - occupiers of the island described the flora replacement process in rather remarkable detail considering the period. Two, there are two tiny exceptions to the extinction statement: On two small rocks, immediately off the east coast (where no bison, goat or pig ever trod), tiny stands of the original species still exist, and actually thrive; a total of roughly 300 sq. ft. of the only known stand of this species. (Since "herd management" of the grazing species has taken over in recent years, there is talk of an attempt to re-introduce the species to the island per se. So far, it's all talk.) Note the photo section, where one of these two unique rocks is shown. Guess what the white border to the plants is? Maybe that's why they call this "Bird Rock?"

All of this became starkly relevant during our little outing. Not only did we find a small herd of bison - noted for getting very upset if one gets too close to their prescribed "territory," hence I got a very dirty look from the lead male about ten seconds after I snapped the accompanying photo - but we also met the wild pigs. Last year, we heard about the pigs, but never saw any. This year, we became intimately acquainted.

Catalina's semi-domestic pig herds are nocturnal; they sleep in the underbrush all day (if one plods round far enough, one may find a couple; Ross did our first afternoon). But if one merely waits until darkfall, one need not plod round; the pigs will seek you out, en masse. My only regret is that, despite having two cameras with us this time, we had no flash. Therefore, there are no photos of Catalina's most numerous residents. It probably doesn't matter too much, however; one presumes that most readers have seen a domestic pig? Well, that's what they look like.



They begin to creep out of the brush about 8 p.m., when the campsite is settling in. First come the small ones, as a kind of advance guard; they poke about the fringes, presumably scouting the possibilities, and then go back down the hill to make some sort of report to the big pigs. By about 10 p.m., when the campers have all gone to bed and the lights are down, the herds arrive; the pigs seem to travel in groups of 10-15, and it seems to be one group per camp (there are nine campsites where we were), spending the entire night rooting around, grunting constantly, bumping into tents, and trying to find leftovers of a meal, or any food not put atop a table or strung from a tree. They also seem to have very weak eyesight; several of us, on the second night, wanted very much to get a close look at these beasts, so we got up in the middle of the night, sat at the picnic table with our flashlights, and waited for a pig to wander near; when one did, we all flicked our lights straight on it. Nevertheless, the pigs invariably approached within four or five feet before suddenly turning away. A couple of people did have flash cameras, and snapped photos; the flash never seemed to faze the critters unless they were quite close.

The curious thing is that at no time did any of us think of the obvious means of dealing with the invasion. But when on Sunday I returned the borrowed tent to the ranger, he showed me his plan for dealing with this possibility: He had set a pig trap, and he had bought a frying pan, and he was (ahem) waiting for the arrival of pork chops and bacon....

And to think; one baseball bat that second night, and I'd have had the Christmas ham....

#### PART FIVE: The End of the Tether

Sunday. Our last day. No tent, no sleeping bag, no Christmas ham. On the other hand, no cactus barbs, no rocks under foot, and no money.

Whoops! Was that last item in the wrong group? Never mind, there's always Emidio Del Conte, friend extraordinaire and rich person. A brief session of streaming tears, and Eric (carefully coached) etagging up with tongue agape, "I'm thirsty, daddy; please help me!" and Emidio was a sucker for a quick loan to cover the fact that I had stupidly neglected to allow for the price of drinks at the store. Sympathetically solemn, Emidio handed over the money; emotionally grateful, I fell to the dirt and kissed his feet; Eric, freed from his coaching, leaped up and down in glee and screeched, "It worked, Daddy, it worked!" I crawled back to our borrowed tent ignominiously. Also somewhat wealthier.

Sunday involved a few more enquiries after our still-missing tent (with the usual result), a couple of short hikes, a great deal of camp-breaking, and - finally - the last trek down the hill to the dock. At 4:30, we boarded the boat. At 6, we off-loaded. At 7, we hit the road - with a brief stop for steak and lobster, thanks again Emidio. And by 10, we were home - utterly filthy, absolutely reeking, and very tired. It is kind of a tradition that, during these campouts, we do not bathe, and do not change clothes. This time, Ross cheated; he went wading at the beach, washed off substantially, and put on clean clothes; Eric cheated also with one quick bout of diarrhoea, involving a wash-off and a change of clothes for him. The finks!

Daddy, however, maintained the traditions: He came home unwashed, unchanged, and absolutely REEKING....

Just ask Jean....

#### PART SIX: The Prodigal Returns

On Monday, I rested. On Tuesday, I suffered the inevitable: I started pricing new tents and new sleeping bags. Camper had the best quality, but the highest prices; Sears Roebuck took the middle ground; the local camping discount shop had superb prices, albeit for absolute trash. I weighed the options extremely

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carefully - would it be budget that would suffer, or quality? I had just about decided, and was in process of filling out an order to Campmor for a new sleeping bag, when the 'phone rang: It was one of the other dads who'd been on the trip. "Hey," he began cheerfully, "They've found your stuff!"

And sure enough. As our group was disembarking from the boat on Catalina, another group was loading for the return trip. Somehow, during the luggage confusion, two items - one mine, one the other man's - had gotten mixed, re-loaded, and sent back to the mainland with the departing group. Three days later, someone in that group discovered they had excess baggage, called the boat line, was told that we had filed a claim for loss, and was given the claim information.

The incredible part: To get to this point on Catalina, one must embark from San Pedro. It makes no difference where you've started - San Diego, Los Angeles, Idaho, Nova Scotia, the Central African Republic - all trips to Catalina emanate from one single point. So when we got the call, we clenched our teeth: Where were we going to get to drive to pick up our lost articles? Nebraska? Southern Italy?

(Moment of suspense)

Would you believe San Diego?

Yea indeed - the departing culprits were a group from a YMCA not five miles from my house; if I stand on the roof, I can actually see the place! It took twenty minutes, and the ol' orange pup tent and my extra-length \$200 sleeping bag were back where they started. And so were the items lost by the other man. There must be someone who can calculate the odds against this good fortune, but I'm not precisely sure I'd like to hear them....

PART SIX (AND LAST): The Credits

Special thanks for the results of this article to:

The (unnamed) ranger, for his generosity  
Enidio Del Conte, for a small emergency loan  
The pigs, for staying the hell out of our food  
The buffalo, for not stomping me  
Eric, for not falling in a bigger cactus  
Ross, for not pushing Eric in a bigger cactus  
The Peninsula YMCA, for their efforts to return our gear, and for not being located east of the Rockies  
Doug Brown, for his photo-processing, without which this photo-essay would be a bit duller

AND

Me, without whose writing talents this photo-essay would be a bit shorter.

FRANK AND ERNEST

Bob Thaves



GAME 1985D - The Marcoleptic Nilgai - Fall 1910

After Spring, the retreats were: Eng f stp-bar, Rus f nwy-nwg.

ENGLAND (Robert Greier, Jr.): a pic-lon. f lon-nth. f bel s lon-nth. f eng c pic-lon. f lvp is just kinda 'there.' ((Briefly.)) f bar-nwg.

FRANCE (Kevin Tighe): f por s ITA spa-mid.

GERMANY (Paul Gardner): a hol s kie. a kie thumbs nose at Sultan's futility. a fin s ENG bar-stp. a nwy s ENG bar-stp. f nth s nwy.

ITALY (Pat Jensen): a bre s bur-par. a tyo s TUR boh-mun. a bur-par. a gas s bre. a mar-bur. f tyn-wes. f tus-tyn. f wal-lvp. f nat s wal-lvp. f spa sc - por.

RUSSIA (Conrad Minshall): f nwg-edl.

TURKEY (Michael Pustilnik): a mun-kie. a bor s mun-kie. a pru h. a sil-mun. a stp s MUS nwg-nwy. a lvn s stp. a boh s sil-mun. a war-sil. a mos s stp. f bla listens to Survivor. f mid h.

Retreats: Ger f nth - yor, ska, den, hol, o.t.b. Eng f lvp - iri, cly, o.t.b. Adjustments may be conditional.

## CENTRES:

E: 2: lon, bel. Remove four (gaspl).

F: 1: por. Even.

G: 5: kie, hol, den, nwy, ewe. Even.

I: 12: ven, nap, rom, tun, spa, mar, par, bre, lvp, tri, vie, gre. Build two.

R: 1: edl. Even.

T: 13: con, say, ank, bul, ser, rum, bud, sev, mos, war, stp, mun, ber. Build two.

Next deadline will be for retreats, adjustments and votes only.

It is proposed (again) that this game be called a draw, Ita/Tur. Votes with next orders; I already have one 'yes,' so it takes one specific 'no' to defeat it.

ENGLAND TO FRANCE: Why don't you just go away?

RUSSIA TO TURKEY: Help!

ENGLAND TO TURKEY AND ITALY: Are you now closing in on your two-way, or will one of you stab the other? That is the suspense brewing....

TURKEY TO RUSSIA: You may have only one center, but you can still choose your toad. You can choose a wart-covered, puppet-stabbing toad like Gardner, or a handsome hopping toad like myself.

JAMUL: Need a loan? I'll buy you a new mirror....

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GAME 1987Q - The Autistic Aoudad - Fall 1901

We had better have a quick discussion about this game before I get in trouble. When I took this over from John, I kind of automatically put it under my own house-rules, of which I admit none of you has a copy. (Neither do I.) I know John, and his attitudes and policies, and figured everything would mesh nicely,

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and mainly I was just trying to help out a friend and I never really gave much consideration to house rules.

Which leads us to Fall 1901, and how we have just run afoul of one of my personal quirks. It goes this way: In COSTAGUANA, there is no such thing as a missed move in 1901. It can't happen. As far as I'm concerned, it skews the game too much, and I'll do almost anything short of gunplay to avoid it.

One of the things I will do is this: If somebody actually fails to send a move in 1901 - Spring, Fall, Winter, doesn't matter - I'll find someone who will make a move. Normally, I'll call a local friend, read them the positions, and ask them to write substitute moves for the missing player. Whoever does it, does not get in the game; it's just a fill-in to avoid gross unbalance of the game in 1901. Now, I admit it's only reasonable to warn you of this in advance; and I further admit that I did not warn you of this. Nevertheless, I'm going to do it anyway.

Germany (for unknown reasons) and Italy (presumably because he's touring the U.S. and didn't get the moves forwarded) have missed this time, and the moves shown below were made by a local friend who shall remain anonymous - actually, two local friends, one per country. Naturally I'll call standbys for Winter, but in case that season gets fouled up somewhere too, I'll tell you in advance that Germany will build A Ber. And by the end of Winter, I guarantee, you'll know who is playing where.

Protests are more than welcome. My protest agent is the King of Rwanda, and please advise his answer....

AUSTRIA (Paul Milewski): s tri-ven. a tyo s tri-ven. f adr-ion.  
 ENGLAND (Melinda Holley): s edi-lon. f nth c edi-lon. f nwg-nwy.  
 FRANCE (Jack McHugh): a pic-bel. a bur-mun. f eng-mid.  
 GERMANY (Marshal Linder??): a kie h. a ruh-hol. f den h.  
 ITALY (Nhan Vu??): a ven h. a nap h. f ion-tun.  
 RUSSIA (Bob Addison): s ukr-rum. a sil-gal. f bot-awe. f sev-bla.  
 TURKEY (Bill Ross): a bul-gre. a con-bul. f ank-bla.

Retreat: ITA a vsn - pie, tus, rom, spu, or off the board; builds may be conditional on this if you wish.

## CENTRES:

A: 4: vis, bud, tri, ven. Build one.  
 E: 4: lon, lvp, edi, nwy. Build one.  
 F: 5: par, bre, mar, bel, mun. Build two.  
 G: 4: kie, ber, hol, den. Build one.  
 I: 3: rom, nap, tun. Even.  
 R: 6: mos, sev, war, stp, rum, awe. Build two.  
 T: 5: ank, say, con, bul, gre. Build two.

Standbys: Well, now I've got a problem. I haven't updated my standby list in ages, and I see it desperately needs modernization. Let's try the following, and hope for the best - and no penalty to anyone if I'm stepping in unwanted:

GERMANY: Stephen Wilcox, 5300 W. Gulf Bank, #103, Houston, TX 77088-2906  
 ITALY: Jeff Hoffman, 3 Canoe Brook Dr., Princeton Junction, NJ 08550-1601

Please, guys, let me know before next deadlines; if you can handle it, great; if not, say so and I'll work it out. I know you both volunteered for 'small' positions; well, look at the positions, it won't be long....

Press to follow.

**RUSSIA TO FRANCE AND AUSTRIA:** Well, I can tell this is going to be a lively game!

**JANUL:** Sure is...29% of the contenders dead....

AUSTRIA TO ITALY: I did an Ollie North and lied to everybody. Don't feel left out. Nothing personal.

**JANUL:** So why not do a John Secord? Lie to everybody and pick their pockets!

**LONDON TO PARIS:** You're determined to be a nuisance, aren't you? Let me see - you'll order Pic-Bel, Eng-Ir! and try for Munich with Russia?

JAMUL: Superb guesses there! One-half of one out of three! Care to play poker?

**RUSSIA TO GERMANY: Just kidding!**

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HELLO!

**ATTENTION ALL RECIPIENTS:**

My standby list is hopelessly out of date, and all of a sudden I desperately need to update it.

If you are interested in being a standby in any game, please let me know NOW. Please note your preferences:

Regular games, any position  
Regular games, small positions ("in desperation") only  
Gunboat games  
Railway Rivals games (you must have a game set)  
Rather Silly Diplomacy

As from this moment, COSTAGUANA's old list has been tossed out, and I have no standby anywhere. PLEASE update your listing.

**There are no fees for standbys - even subs are free!**

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GAME 19860 - The Convoluted Caseowary - Spring 190?

In the Winter, Russian F Bsl /r/ pru.

**AUSTRIA (Evans Givan):** a gal s bud-rum. a bud-rum. a tri-ser.

ENGLAND (??): NMR. a's stp, den, nwy; f's eng, bot, bal, nth h.

FRANCE (Botimer): a pic s mid-bre. a bre-par. f mid-bre. f was-mid. f nat-lvp.

GERMANY (Michail Pustilnik): a hol s bel. a bel h. a kie s hel-den. f hel-den.

ITALY (Robert Greiser): a ven-tri. f nap-tyn. f apu-adr. f tun-tyn.

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RUSSIA (Peter Mateunas): a lvn h. a ber s GER kie. a mos s lvn. f pru-bal.  
 TURKEY (Melinda Holley): a ser s edr-tri. a rum-bud. f ion s FRE wes-tun.  
 f adr-tri. f alb e adr-tri. f gre s ion. f eas e ion.

Sheesh! Retreats: AUS a tri - tyo, vie, boh. TUR a rum - ukr, sev, bul.  
 ENG a den-awe. Naturally, 'off the board' is also an option in each case. Fall  
 moves may be conditional on any or all.

I'm not really sure what to do about standby here...let's get really exotic  
 and ask Peter Sullivan, 36 Bushey Hall Road, Bushey, Watford, Herts. WD2 2ED,  
 United Kingdom. Negotiations are perfectly possible, just don't dawdle in writing.  
 Air letters 36c (available at the post office); 44c for a normal letter by air.  
 Transit time 5-8 days. Hey, I play over there; why not let the poor sod play  
 over here! No prejudice against the furriners, now....

ITALY TO AUSTRIA: But I like to hold when next to a woman!

ITALY TO G.M.: Why is Turkey your 'pet'?

JAMUL: Huh? Just because I enjoy raising my own Thanksgiving dinner....

ITALY TO TURKEY: You got good grades 'cause you're a "GM's Pet!"

JAMUL: Hey! Keep on this way, you and Dick Martin can do Vaudeville....

ITALY TO TURKEY: A big shiny red apple couldn't get you Trieste!

JAMUL: (Chomp...) Funny thing there - called "the rules!"....

CONSTANTINOPLE TO VIENNA: What do you mean, "too?" I've never won a game! But  
 I'm workin' on it....

JAMUL: Yeah, and you'll get there, too...we're changing victory to nine centers  
 next week!

ITALY TO G.M.: Just kidding. Can I do your erasers?

JAMUL: Sure. Here, let me tell you what to do with 'em....

ITALY: "It ain't fair!" screamed President Robert "Mussolini" Greier. She's  
 got all the boats, while all we have is a record wine harvest!

JAMUL: So what? Start christening the boats 'til they sink!

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GAME 1987HL (The Lopsided Lion)  
 GAME 1985HE (The Delirious Dik-Dik) - no! See p. 37!  
 GAME US 511X (L'Hotellerie Portugaise)  
 GAME US (unnumbered) (Ali Baba)

These four games are not included this issue. Dik-Dik had its deadline ex-  
 tended to Sept. 12, and will appear by flyer and rejoin us next time. Hotellerie  
 and Ali Baba are awaiting a standby to take over, and will continue as soon as  
 possible. And Lion is a brand new game and not due until Sept. 30. Relax!!!

GAME 1986Bcr05 - William Rufus DeVane King (Cline 9-Man)

This game has now been completely severed from COSTAGUANA and will no longer appear here in any form. It will be continued and concluded in Simon Billenness' EXCITEMENT CITY UNLIMITED.

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GAME 1987Mrb32 - Richard M. Johnson ("Gunboat") - Fall 1907

All draws are kaput, and Turkey retreated F Tyn-Rom. Whee....

AUSTRIA: a vie-boh. a ven s TUR rom. a gal-sil. a pru-ber. 'a war s gal-sil.  
a war s gal-sil. a boh-mun. a tyo s boh-mun.

ENGLAND: a nwy s stp. a stp s bal-lvn. f eng s GER hol-bel. f nth-den. f bal-lvn.  
f tyn s FRE tus-rom. f wes s tyn. f tun s tyn.

FRANCE: a par-bre. a mar-pie. a spa-war. a bur s GER mun. f lyo e mar-pie.  
f tus-rom.

GERMANY: a kis-ber. a mun s sil. a sil s mun. a hol-bel.

TURKEY: a lvn-stp. a ukr-gal. a mos s lvn-stp. f apu-ion. f nap s rom. f gre  
s apu-ion. f ion-tyn. f rom s ion-tyn.

RETREATS: None. However, both Ger a sil and Tur a lvn are annihilated.

CENTRES:

A: 8: tri, vie, bud, eer, nap, rom, ven, war. Build one.

E: 8: lon, lvp, edi, nwy, swe, den, stp, tun. Even.

F: 5: par, bre, mar, spa, por. Removes one.

G: 5: kis, mun, ber, hol, bel. Build one (no room for two).

T: 8: con, nwy, ank, gre, bul, rum, sev, mos. Build one.

The adjustments being fairly obvious, or behind the lines, we'll call for them AND for Spring 1908 (which may be conditional) by next deadline.

The following proposals (one 'no' kills, one 'yes' passes in the absence of 'no' votes) are on the board, votes with moves please: AEFGT draw; AEFT draw; EFG draw; AET draw; EFT draw. If more than one passes, we'll have a runoff....

I also have a proposal to convert this game to regular Diplomacy, i.e. list the names and addressees of all players. This one requires ABSOLUTE UNANIMOUS CONSENT; either I get five specific 'yes' votes, or it doesn't happen. Okay?

GERMANY TO FRANCE: Here's hoping you are committed.

JANUL: Well, he will be...next week....

TURKEY TO AUSTRIA: I ordered a ukr-gal in case you ordered a gal-rom, thus stopping a German retreat to gal.

VIENNA TO THE SULTAN: My good friend (whoever you are), I read the board and could tell right away that we were made for each other. Thanks for the offer of Rumania, but all of the Austrian forces were needed at the front, and you will need that man to hold them back in the Med.





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RUSSIA TO WORLD: Dear Santa, I am happy to be in this game. Daddy says I can tell you anything about me which won't tell you who I am. I am aged 5 and five-eighths. This is my first game of Diplomacy. And Daddy says he will help me by telling me what your orders are. ~~Yeee, Yeee.~~

RUSSIA TO MR. ENGLAND: Please do not attack me. If you do, I will help Mr. Turkey win.

RUSSIA TO MR. TURKEY: Please do not attack me. If you do, I will help Mr. England win.

RUSSIA TO MR. ENGLAND AND MR. TURKEY: And if you both attack me, I will go in the corner and sulk, so there!

RUSSIA TO MR. ITALY: You are a bad man for hurting Mr. France when Mr. Turkey is being nasty to all of us.

PARIS: A reward was posted by the Paris HQ of the French National Police for the capture and/or the head of whoever is the dago chief of the pizza-loving, greasy Italian forces. He is wanted for terrorism. 10,000 French or Swiss francs will be paid, and an additional 10,000 francs will be given for his head, so we don't have to take the trouble of cutting it off ourselves. Vive la France!

ENGLAND TO ITALY: Hope Portugal is still there, 'cause it deserves to see Spain. This year, buddy. Keep attacking.

FRENCH DEFENSE FORCES TO LONDON: My dear sir, we can hold you back forever! It is only with the help of the Italian that you can hope to make any gains, but they will be ill-gotten gains, and short-lived. We also have a nice tower here in Paris, where the walls are very thick, many English prisoners have gone in but none has ever come out! We look forward to your arrival; for you we have a special room, and in it you will live a very long time, as we don't want you to miss all of the SPECIAL treatment we have for you. Our special commando squad is now on its way to London to offer you protection while they bring you here!

ENGLAND TO JAMUL: How would an E/T draw be unfair to France? It's Italy who is in the third slot. But both aren't exactly in position to win. Neither is Russia, at last report.

JAMUL: No, no, you misunderstand me completely. The draw is not unfair; it just has always seemed to me to be a bit of an imposition on a player to call a crucial vote on a turn when that player (this time, it was France) has no orders due. 22c to cast a vote in a game he's losing? Sheesh - that's mean. Isn't it, Eric?

PARIS TO THE SULTAN: We could use some of your 'very willing servants' to help knock out some more of those 'wops,' who have turned into 'gofers' for the English; and we know that you will soon sink the English fleet in the Med.

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GAME 1986APv106 (Return J. Mairs, Jr., vers. 2.75 of "Rather Silly") - Spr. 02

It is with some regret that I announce another player change (actually, two, but one of them has been in a state of flux for some while). Mark Weidmark now takes over Germany, and with regret we say adieu to the missing-in-action Roberto Della Sala (Pete, any ideas what happened). And we still need a Soothsayer, which omission I shall investigate and report on prior to the end of this game report.

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First off, I think we should do press:

No, instead, first let's clarify a rules item: If a unit sells its soul to the Devil, that unit remains at double strength through the following two seasons. Only Spring and Fall are counted in this; a Winter season, run separately, is irrelevant.

Now the press:

JESTER: Hes, hsh, heh, HA, HA, HA! Here, Borg, have a meal on us and the Austrians! Ho! Ho! Ho! We are an equal opportunity offenders....

LIVE AND LET DYE: Bond sidled up to the urbane, besuited man with a carnation buttonhole standing at the bar of Annie's Hot Stuff in a seedy area of New York.

"Do you have a match?"

"No, I usually use a lighter."

"How many gnomes are there in your father's garden?"

"About as many as the stars in the sky."

"Isn't the moon wonderful tonight?"

"Yess, but you should have seen it before the war."

"And what was lost in the war?"

"Arte and Sciencess, as is usually the case."

"Do you think the typist will get fed up with all this soon?"

"I should think so."

Having completed this complex recognition ritual of British Secret Service Agents abroad, Bond and his contact, Simon Billenness, left the bar and walked along the streets of lower New York.

"It's good to be back in New York. Just how I remember it. All right, Billenness, what's all this about ditto machines and the plots of the evil Professor von Metzke?"

A masked rapist rushed past them as they walked.

"Well, over the past few months, von Metzke has been producing these ditto printing units for other Diplomacy publishers. He keeps on claiming they come from retired dipsters, but in fact they're part of his fiendish plot to take over the Diplomacy World<sup>TM</sup>."

A hooker sidled up to Bond and asked if he fancied a good time, buster?

"Any involvement with SPECTRE?" queried Bond.

A dead body fell from the second floor behind them.

"Not that I've been able to tell," replied Secret Agent Billenness. "To get more information, I've managed to infiltrate his organisation by posing as a guest GM. It's risky - if my cover is blown I'll be a dead man - but I've been able to figure out the name of von Metzke's East Coast contact."

A drug-crazed addict wandered up and asked them if they wanted to blow some crack with him.

"Who is this contact?"

The sound of a far-off police siren began to permeate the air.

"His name is Fred Davis. He runs the mimeograph end of the business. His address is...."

There was a silent thud as a sniper's bullet entered Simon's skull, killing him instantly. Bond leapt for cover. His trusty Beretta, which like all Secret Service guns has no numbers on it, spat out in anger in the direction of the bullet, but whoever it was had already gone.

Bond turned over Billenness' body with his foot. He attached a note to the

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corpses for Rod Walker with instructions for transferring the William Rufus DeVane King game.

"Now that's what I call an Orphaned game," he quipped wittily.

TSAR PETER TO KAISER PETER: Just running away from Borg. Although, with the rules change, I needn't be so worried about him now. I hope the reorganization of my border pleases you.

BERLIN: In a dramatic midnight press conference, the Kaiser revealed that the Russian Ambassador had been summoned to the Winter Palace to explain the buildup of Russian forces on the border. The Kaiser was unable to confirm that the Russian forces were being led by an aging hippie in a police box.

WINTER PALACE: Having crushed the internal rebellion, Tsar Peter the Berserker, the "Lithuanian Madman," looked toward Europe.

KAISER TO TSAR: Hey, if it had been term time, I would have been off like a shot to see the University History Department's American specialist. Unfortunately, not being Californian, we don't have a Cinematography department I could ask about last time's questions.

SOUTHERN COMMAND TO WINTER PALACE: Borg has allied with the Austrians. We are fighting a holding action in Sevastopol.

KAISER TO TSAR (again): F Bal, 2A Lvn, A War, and you want me to consider you an ally? Don't you realize that if you eliminate me, you'll be the only one left writing press? Presswriters of the World Unite!

JANUS: Yee, I had had hopes for the press in this game, but things seem not to have materialized. Though you two are welcome to keep trying....

## SPRING 1902

AUSTRIA (Craig Mills): a ser-rum. a rum-ukr. a vie-boh. a bud-gal. f gre  
s MASTER cor-aeg.

ENGLAND (Mark Weidmark): a edi h. f nth s nwy. f nwy h. f lon-eng.

FRANCE (Robin apCynan): a war-spa. a bel-bur. sa pic e bel-bur. sf bre-eng.  
f spa sc - mid.

GERMANY (Peter Sullivan): a hol s ber-kie. a mun s ber-kie. a ber-kie. f den  
s ber-kie.

ITALY (Doug Brown): a rom-tus. 2a tri searches for birds and monstores. a ven  
e tri. f nap-lon. f tun-wes.

RUSSIA (Peter Mateunas): a war-gal. 2a lvn-awe-den!!! f sev-rum. f bal c 2a  
lvn-swe.

TURKEY (Nhan Vu): a smy-bul ((alc)). f con-aeg. f ank-bla.

DOCTOR (Bruce Geryk): f kie-ber.

JESTER (David Anderson): Ordered TUR f con-bul, but no coast specified!!

MASTERMIND (Jim Burgess): f ice h. f cor h.

SOOTHSAYER: No units.

Retreats: DOC f kie-hel, o.t.b. GER f den-ska, hel, o.t.b. Note the following: (1) If DOCTOR does not retreat, or is annihilated on retreat, the Tardis remains alive in Kiel ok, if retreated with the fleet, in Helgoland. (2) As you'll see in a minute, the Russian 2A Lvn was "assisted" one extra

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space by the Toade. But the original Russian move was to Sweden, hence the attack on Denmark is considered to have come from Sweden, hence Sweden is not a retreat option for Germany. (3) Siamese units defend with the strength of two, but do not have any extra attack strength, thus the standoff in La Manche...er, English Channel.

TOADS: "Assist" Rus 2A Lvn via Sweden to DENMARK!

BORG: Because of the failed Jester order, Borg needs a new meal, and he finds it in - NORTH SEA! 'Bye, English fleet....

SPACE MONSTERS: Arriving on Track One, and finding their best chance of supply centres with few neighbours is in - LIVERPOOL. 'Bye, English-owned centre.

Note how we initiate new players? Sorry, Mark - but what the hell, please was always your thing anyway; please indulge.

Oh yee. Peter Sullivan...well, or was it someone else? No matter...anyway, somebody remarks that Corfu (the Mastermind's "home port") is clearly identifiable on the Avalon Hill map at the confluence of Aegean, E.Med., and Ionian. Sorry, that place is called Crete; and in any case, I do not have the A-H board. Corfu, on the old Games Research map, is just off the coast at the border between Greece and Albania. Thus my interpretation will hold; if it borders Greece, it borders Corfu for purposes of this game.

Hey Mastermind - you're supposed to write orders too, not just questions!

Next let us try for a new Soothsayer. I'm going to take a rather random chance here; the following victim...er, gent...has expressed no interest whatsoever. Still, he's the sort of chap who might just enjoy this kind of thing, and if he's game, we may see a wondrous fine increase in the press level - not to disparage, Peter and Peter, but let's face it, three are better than two (or make that four if Mark gets going - or five if Craig ever settles in - or... well, you get the idea). Anyway, the new Soothsayer will be, I hope,

John Piggott  
Bosworth House  
Central Wall Road  
Canvey Island, Essex SS8 9PJ U.K.

John - if you have time and fancy the sillies, please join, if not, please send one move and an impolite refusal and I'll try elsewhere.

NEXT we run into proposals for a conceded conclusion (= draws) - and please note; any proposal to call the game off as a 'draw among survivors' will normally be posed as a seven-way among the major powers (or, shall we say, an x-way among all surviving Major Powers); if ever such a thing passes, all players will be included, not just the basic countries.

Your choices this time:

1. CONCESSION TO JAMUL
2. Everybody
3. All save Germany
4. All save Germany and Turkey
5. A-E-I-R
6. F-C-T
7. R-E
8. Draw, Mastermind/Soothsayer.

Votes with orders please. Usual rules. One 'nay' kills it; in the absence of nays, one 'yea' passes it. Incidentally, I do accept perpetual votes....unless the Monstores eat them....

AND AS TO THE MASTERMIND....

I was asked if the MM's last question didn't in fact constitute four questions, and whether answering any one part qualified for a share of the prize. Nope. Hey, he writes 'em, I monitor 'em, but unless he says part-credit given, there ain't none, boy!

PREVIOUS QUESTION involved the three groups of beings enlisted by the Nome King to assist in the invasion of Oz, according to "The Emerald City of Oz," c. 1910 L. Frank Baum. The answers:

1. Growleywogs. "They were of gigantic size, yet were all bone and skin and muscle, there being no meat or fat upon their bodies at all. Their powerful muscles lay just underneath their skins, like bunches of tough rope, and the weakest Growleywog was so strong that he could pick up an elephant and toss it seven miles away."
2. Whimsies. "They had large strong bodies, but heads so small that they were no bigger than door-knobs. Of course, such tiny heads could not contain any great amount of brains, and the Whimsies were so ashamed of their personal appearance and lack of common sense that they wore big heads, made of pasteboard, which they fastened over their own little heads."
3. PhanFasms. No one knows what these powerful sorcerers look like....

And the brownie point query, How did Ozma and Dorothy thwart the invasion? Well, actually, it was the Scarecrow's idea (Brains, you know?). Ozma used her magic belt to create dust in the invasion tunnel that the Nome King had built, making the invaders very thirsty. At the end of the tunnel, however, was the Forbidden Fountain, filled with the Water of Oblivion and, "Whoever drinks at the Forbidden Fountain at once forgets everything he has ever known...and become(s) as ignorant as a baby." Neat trick, eh? All party-poopers who ask why the Magic Belt couldn't be used as easily to close up the tunnel, or disperse the invaders, get 30 lashes with a wet noodle....

MASTERMIND TO MIRROR MASTER: Stuff it, you insignificant pretender! All knowledgeable experts agree that Attila the Hun died of his own intemperate habits following a massive celebration of his marriage to a sweet young damsel named Ildico. That renders the rest of your idiotic question irrelevant. Leave the masterminding to us....

BOOB TO JAMUL: Am I stumping them? I'll bet they feel pretty boobish. Now they know how I feel....

JAMUL: Well, nobody has answered one yet...and do you have any idea how I feel???

THE MASTERMIND QUESTION FOR NEXT TIME:

A quotation based on a famous battle:

A gunner had a clear view of the opposing general, and suggested to his own general that he might be able to pop the opponent off. Reply: "Is no, no! Generale commanding armiss have something better to do than to shoot at one another!" Name both generals and the battle in question.

((Please note that - quite accidentally - Jamul got it right on the 'phone.))

And, if I'm not mistaken, that is the end of "Return J. Meigs Jr." I do have additional presses from Germany, which I'll hold until next time; and it is also worth noting that the Mastermind press this time has been held over for quite some while.

Ah yes - one more item. The order of play for Borg was originally set up by the British (who invented this silly idiom), and unfortunately it does not take into account the fact that we Americans do not use prophetic retreats. Thus, in future, Borg will move PRIOR TO any required retreats; and, for Borg purposes, units having to retreat will be considered not to exist.

THE END. For now.....

/ / / / / / / - / / / / / / / + / / / / / / / & / / /  
 GAME 1984Ygf24 - Wilson S. Bisael ("World War IIIB") - Winter 2111/Spring 2112

The errors I noted about the last supply centre chart are explained as follows: Australia is actually even at 12; Brazil is even at 13; and U.S.A. should have been listed as even at 7, the missing centre being Mozambique.

Also in the last report, the moves F G.Ala - N.E.Pac and F N.E.Pac - C.Pac succeeded.

Retreats: AUS f e.in.o. - tim.s. USA a zaire - zam. ECM a slg - o.t.b., thus creating a build.

Builds: ECM, f u.k. WAR, f pol, a hun, a yug. USSR, f rus nc (1 short).

AUSTRALIA (Eric Ozog): f w.aus - s.in.o. f tim.s (s) w.aus - s.in.o. f s.pac (h). f gr.aus.bg (s) s.pac. f n.z. (s) s.pac. f w.pac - c.pac. f coral (e) w.pac - c.pac. f phil.s. - celebes. f s.ch.s. - g.siam. a viet(h). f kyu (h). f hon (h).

PERU (Jim Burgess): f gala.s. - s.pac. f falk.sd. (s) gala.s. - s.pac. f m.pac (s) f gala.s. - s.pac. f falk.is. - drake. f g.pan. - carr.s. f n.e.pac (s) c.pac. f alas (s) n.e.pac. f b.c. (s) alas. f g.cal. (e) n.e.pac. f cuz - chi. a rio neg - bus.air. a tex-dak. a que-ont. f lab.s. - ice. f c.pac (a) gala.s. - s.pac.

BRAZIL (James Wall): a chi - la pam. a porto-guin. f g.gui (s) porto-gui. f alg-mor. a sah-alg. a goi-bah. a bel-guy. f s.w.atl (s) c.atl. a maur (s) por-gui. f c.atl (e) por-gui. f m.ama - m.atl. f n.w.atl (s) m.ama - m.stl. f ber.tr (s) m.ama - m.atl.

WARSAW PACT (Mark Frush): f katt-nth. a w.gar - fra. f mad - w.in.o. ((sic)). f e.in.o (s) mad-w.in. f mala - moz.ch. f pol-bal. a yug-ita. f adr (s) yug-ita. a hun-czs. a ukr-rum. f red-g.aden. a lib-tun. a ken-tanz. a zai (s) ken-tanz.

WEST AFRICAN EMPIRE (Andy Lischett): a mali (s) USA gha-gui.

UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA (John Crosby): f gha-gui. f s.e.atl - g.gui. a c.sf-aud. a cam-gab. a tanz-zam. a zan-ang. f s.in.o - moz.ch.

EURO. COMMON MARKET (Mark Keller): f fra nc - nth. f u.k. (s) fra-nth. f w.med - fra sc. f n.stl (s) w.med - fra. f spa sc (s) mor. f mor (h).

U.S.S.R. (Marc Peters): f e.med (s) WAR f adr-w.med ((N.S.O.)). f green-dsn.st. f ice-den.st. a pra (s) WAR mad. f chuk-alas. f ber.s. - n.e.pac. f n.w.pac (s) ber.s - n.e.pac. f hon (s) n.w.pac. f hokk (s) hon. f s.ja - kam. a s.kor-n.kor. a tib (h). a szech (h). a in.mon (s) szech. a sink-kaz. a pak-iran. f tur (s) rum-gre. f rus nc - nwy. f bar-nwg. a rum-gre.

Retreats: PERU f c.pac annihilated. USA f s.in.o - trans, o.t.b.; Fall moves may be conditional.

The following draw proposals are up for vote (all those from last time were squelched):

1. USSR/Per/Bra/Aust
2. Same, plus War
3. Same as 2, plus USA
4. Aus/War/Bra/Per/ECM
5. Everyone
6. Everyone except W.Af.

Usual rules; one 'nay' is a veto; in the absence of nays, one 'yea' passes.

AUSTRALIA TO WARSAW: I really want this dull, drawn-out game to end, too. If this game doesn't end soon, I'm going to resign.

AUSTRALIA TO WORLD: I can think of at least one person who gets sadistic pleasure in vetoing draws. The Wall! Maybe we all should resign, and then James can play by himself.

G.M. TO AUSTRALIA: Don't do that, I only have a couple of standbys!

AUSTRALIA TO G.M.: Thanks for calling, but if I NMH again, just let my pieces hold in place don't call. This game's not worth a long distance call.

PUBLISHER TO AUSTRALIA: It is too! How the hell else are we ever going to remember Postmaster General Bissel?

GUEST-G.M. FOR THIS ONE IS David Anderson, PO Box 3761, Pontiac, MI 48059-3761. Telephone: (313) 338-7969.

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**GAME 1985HE - The Delirious Dik-Dik - Fall 1905**

Having contrived to stall the issue an extra few days, it turns out to be possible to include this game (which had a later deadline) after all.

Fred Townsend now takes over as Austria, and retreats A Bul-Rum.

AUSTRIA (Townsend): a rum s bud-gal. a bud-gal. a sev-ukr. a mos-lyv. a stp-mos.  
 a eay s con. a alb-tri. a ser e alb-tri. a tyo-boh. a vie e tyo-boh.  
 f con h.

ENGLAND (Simon Billenness): a kie-ber. a ruh-kie. a bel-hol. f nth-nwg. f ber-bal. f eng-nth. f ska-ewe. f nwy s ska-ewe.

FRANCE (Robert Acheson): a mun h. a boh s mun. a gal h. a bur-bel. f bre-mid.  
f spa sc - mid.

ITALY (Pat Jensen): a ven-tri. a tus-pie. f tyn-ion. f ion-eas. f bul ec - con. f aeg s bul-con.

RUSSIA (Larry Botimer): a war h. a lvn s bot-stp. f bot-stp sc.

Retreats: French a boh-sil, French a gal-sil, or off the board in either case. (Obviously at least one will definitely be leaving us....) Winter adjustments may be conditional on this mese....

And with Winter, I actually have (gasp!) a proposal to concede this game to Italy. Votee with next orders, please; it takes just one 'nay' to squish the proposal, but if there are no 'nays,' then it only takes one 'yea' to pass it.

Now. Unusual moment. Because I'm filling this last-second game report in the leftover space at the very last second (which is why it's called a last-second game report), please turn to the bottom of Page 40 for supply centres and press.

CRAIG MILLS: I know, I promised not to say any more, but so many pregnant comments were made last issue that I have to find time to say something. Actually, I will keep my promise to Rod and let him have the last word on our past issue. But Peter Sullivan brings up a good issue (on the subject of Hell and God's mercy), and I'd like to give an answer to it. (Perhaps not THE Christian answer, but how I deal with it.) There is a relationship between Pat Jensen's issue of the Old and New Testaments, and Peter's question, but that will have to wait for another installment. Perhaps what follows will help in any case.

First, let me point out that not every inquirer would be satisfied with a God who ignored the crimes of the obvious monsters of history. God is attacked as often for letting the wicked prosper as for condemning them to Hell. A good look at the victims of violent wrongs shows that personal experience can strain the quality of mercy a great deal. So if I am too strong in defending the mercy of God, I could be in as much trouble from some quarters as I would be from defending Hell.

But I am under the impression that God has indeed forgiven all sins, not just the sins of the average man but also the sins of the worst monsters. The Cross excludes nothing, leaves out no one. From God's standpoint, He "is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance (2 Peter 3:9)." "As surely as I live, declares the sovereign Lord, I take no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but rather that they turn from their ways and live (Ezekiel 33:11)."

The criticism of Hell always seems to assume that the problem is with God's Love. But let's put it another way. You would probably not disagree with me if I say, ideally, that any man truly repentant of a deed ought to be shown mercy. I know of one of the "Manson Clan" who has become a Christian since the famous murders, and has been now for many years. I visited another inmate of the institution where he is held, for some time under California's M-2 Program. The person I visited (not a Christian) considered this former Manson follower "the most changed man" he had ever met. Yet it is unlikely that the former Manson follower will ever gain his freedom. His crime was too grim for most people to forget, even though he is sorry for it and has rejected the way that led him to that spot. I would take it from Peter's and your own comments that you would agree with me that this is a sad miscarriage of justice. ((Dunno about Peter; for my part, no I do not agree. Let's finish your letter, then I'll remark why.))

But what if we are faced with a man who is unrepentant? Should we release him to the streets when he intends to maintain the same pattern of life? Would we want to place him back in a position where he would have the power to harm others? The problem applies to the Eternal Courtroom as well. You simply cannot assume that the minute someone sees the heavenly throne, that he will instantly change his opinions about life. After all, the Bible assumes there is at least one creature whose vision of the supernatural world has never been limited by the material constraints of the body, who nevertheless stubbornly refuses to change. What do you do with the evil person who refuses to change?

We face the same choices in our worldly justice system that God does in His: Unconditional release, reduction to non-existence, or exclusion of the recalcitrant. Unconditional release is out, for the happy promise of a new world cannot allow for the re-entrance of evil. Otherwise, evil holds the world hostage, unable to enter into its happiness and forever preventing it from experiencing it for itself. ("A little leaven leavens the whole lump.") Destruction of the individual falls afoul of the way we are made. God created us as significant beings, not puppets or playthings. We have been granted a form of self-existence, separate from God if not totally independent of Him. We have also been given the power of significant choices. "The gifts and calling of God cannot be revoked (Romans 11:29)". God cannot take away our ability to choose our own way without removing the significance of our existence. Do you want to be a free agent? Do you want to be able to choose your own way? God cannot allow you that gift unless the door to something outside of God is open. Unhappily, some will take that road....



If a man cannot enter the new world and cannot be destroyed, what is left? What is left outside of God? "All things were made by Him and for Him (Colossians 1:16)." Rejecting God means rejection of all that 'smells' of Him. Even corrupted pleasures stem from good things He has given us to enjoy. Outside of God, there is only emptiness, aloneness, an empty life with nothing to feed off of but itself. The Bible speaks of Hell as often as "the outer darkness" as it does of it as "fire," a place of "weeping and gnashing of teeth," which can represent anger and hatred as much as pain.

In the end, I guess, I'm saying that Hell is a self-inflicted horror done as the last empty, angry defiance of a soul that refuses anything else. It might be hard to believe that anyone could be so stubborn in the face of Love, but can you not imagine a hate so strong that it refuses to be consoled? I believe a man conditions himself by the choices he makes in life. Attitudes calcify over time, hearts harden, men literally lose their identity as human beings by repeated evil choices. Martin Luther often talked about the two faces of God. One was God as He was by nature: Loving, giving, the Father who wanted nothing but good for His children. The other was the face Man forced him to show, not his natural face at all, but only one displayed as a last resort. There is a judicial aspect to Hell, to be certain. God sends men to Hell, to the outer darkness. But these men are self-condemned, not because of the grossness of their sins, but because they have refused love, have refused to be included in happiness. C.S. Lewis actually refers to this sending as "the final mercy of God to those who will accept nothing else" (read The Great Divorce, a novel of his with an intriguing treatment of this whole subject). By setting a precise place and boundary to Hell, God has set limits to a torment which by its nature would be forever increasing in its intensity.

Believe me, this is no easier a subject for me as a Christian than for any non-believer. The God of Mercy is the one that I have chosen. But how can there be mercy, unless there is something terrible to escape? God has rescued me from myself, and has opened the door to a true fellowship with Him. I talk about it as much as I do because it is a gift I wish to spread around.

As per the preceding ((I'm Conrad again)), I would take issue only with one element of your presentation, and that is the question of mercy toward the "changed man."

Not, you understand, that I have the slightest quarrel with Divine Mercy. God is the ultimate Judge; I leave it to Him to fulfill that function. But among us humans, here on earth, I'm afraid I cannot endorse a sense of "mercy" toward those perpetrators of heinous crimes as 'verified' by other fallible humans. I do not believe in or support the concept of capital punishment; it is not up to me to kill another human. But I do not support the idea that human, earth-bound justice need be qualified by fallible judgments of what is forgiven and what is not.

During the course of the 1946 Nuremberg Trials, defendant Hans Frank, the so-called "Butcher of Poland," came to express great remorse for his actions as a result of a re-conversion to God. The attending chaplain, and most other observers, agree that his remorse and return to God were legitimate rather than self-serving. Nonetheless, Hans Frank was hanged.

Of the Watergate conspirators, Charles Colson spent his prison term doing Christian work, and since his release has continued doing these works for the Lord. Nevertheless, he has not been pardoned.

And of the Manson "clan," you mention one man who has become a repentant Christian - there is a second, one of the women, named Susan (I forget the last name) - who are currently spending their days in prison working for the Lord. Still, they remain in prison, and are likely to until they die.

It is my feeling that it is not up to us earthly humans to determine who is truly repentant and who is "faking it." I do not support capital punishment, and therefore - in the preceding examples - cannot endorse the execution of Gauleiter Frank. By the same token, I cannot endorse an assessment of true "repentance" made by an human authority, and thus I do not agree for one minute that the continued incarceration of all Manson clan members represents a miscarriage of justice.

For my part, I would clearly distinguish between "divine" justice and "earthly" justice. The former is quite out of my realm. But in the matter of the latter, I suggest that human beings - fallible as they are - are quite incapable of making any judgment as to who is "sincere" in repentance and who is "faking" it. For divine purposes, leave the matter to God; if forgiveness is appropriate, I have no doubt that it will be forthcoming. But for purposes of human society, I cannot see taking the chance.

DIK-DIK (continued from Page 37)

You know, insofar as I can remember, this is the first time in COSTA's entire checkered history that I've ever had an item "continued" on a separated page....

Quick! Call Guinness! "First COSTA with newspaper-style continuation...."

CENTRES:

A: 11: vie, bud, tri, eer, run, con, say, ank, eev, nos, stp. Even.  
 E: 9: lon, lvp, edi, hol, kie, ber, den, nwy, ewe.  
 F: 7: par, bre, mar, bel, spa, por, mun. Build two.+  
 I: 6: ven, rom, nap, tun, gre, bul. Even.  
 R: 1: war. Remove two.

+ Build one for new centre; build one more for inevitable retreat o.t.b.  
 If both retreats o.t.b., will build three.

Now, this adjustment business may well look complicated, but I think maybe we can handle it in conjunction with Spring - I hate to stall this further. So. Retreats, adjustments, and Spring 1906 moves will be due on the posted deadline. Oh, and also, votes on the concession. If you have any problems with this, please advise right away so I can notify people. I will separate seasons if requested.

THE GERMAN UNDERGROUND: In a well-used beer hall on the back streets of Munich, a young man was thrilling the crowds of the coming Oktoberfest, about the required battle for the 'new' Germany...the myopic English and French will soon pay the price, already a disciplined battalion of virility is growing!!

JAMUL: Flash to Guinness - I think this is also another COSTA first, the first-ever press release from a previously eliminated power. Gee, I love new stuff!

PARIS TO ROME: A letter from you would certainly clarify matters....

AND SO another one winds down. Not without regret, as I have sufficient held-over letters to choke the proverbial horse - but, next time, in the special VIVA MEXICO issue, we'll get to them. Be patient, ye literati.

SPECIAL SIGN-OFF NOTE TO KARL ANDERSON: Yes, you can have the modem. I'm waiting for some info. on how to get it configured to your Apple, and also on the software problem. Shan't be long....

'Bye.

the deadline

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1987

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LAST-MOMENT NOTE: Because of a rather unexpected and sudden work change, it proved necessary to put this issue out a week late - which is just as well because it allows DIK-DIK to catch up.

SPECIAL NOTE ON "LION" - Your Spring 1901 final deadline remains SEPT. 30 - I'll issue moves by flyer, and you'll thus have five weeks for Fall negotiations. Okay?

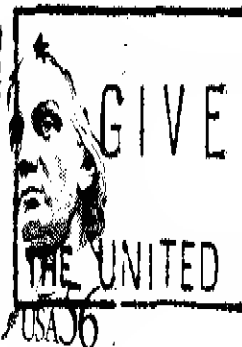
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